

THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 52

JUNE 1917

NO. 6





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Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
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Through the valley of Persevere;
And the man that succeeds, while others fall,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fail, my boy,
Always a way to slide,
And the men you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough,
And the storms come thick and fast;
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—Success.



FINDING THE LIAHONA (See page 320)

Photograph by A. J. T. Sorensen



VOL. LII.

JUNE, 1917

No. 6

When Darkness Covered the Earth

THE LONG NIGHT OF APOSTASY

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

We accept as fact the belief common to Christendom that the Church of Christ was established under our Lord's personal direction and that during the early period of apostolic administration the Church was blessed with rapid growth and marvelous development. A question of profound importance confronts us: *Has the Church of Jesus Christ maintained an organized existence upon the earth from the apostolic age to the present?*

We affirm that with the passing of the apostolic period the Church drifted into a condition of apostasy, whereby succession in the Holy Priesthood was broken; and that the Church as an earthly organization operating under Divine direction and having authority to officiate in spiritual ordinances ceased to exist among men.

We affirm that this great apostasy, whereby the world was enshrouded in spiritual darkness, was foretold by the Savior Himself while He lived as a Man among men, and by His prophets both before and after the period of His life in mortality.

The apostolic ministry continued in the Primitive Church for about sixty years after the death of Christ, or nearly to the end of the first century

of the Christian era. For some time thereafter the Church existed as a unified body, officered by men duly invested by ordination in the Holy Priesthood, though, even during the lifetime of some of the apostles, the leaven of apostasy and disintegration had been working. Indeed, hardly had the Gospel seed been sown before the enemy of all righteousness had started assiduously to sow tares in the field; and so intimate was the growth of the two that any forcible attempt to extirpate the tares would have imperiled the wheat. The evidences of spiritual decline were observed with anguish by the apostles who, however, recognized the fulfilment of earlier prophecy in the declension, and added their own inspired testimony to the effect that even a greater falling away was imminent.

Christ specifically warned the disciples against the impending departure from the truth. "Take heed that no man deceive you," said He, "For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many" (Matt. 24:4, 5). And further: "Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false

prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not." (Verses 23-26.)

The Apostles bore warning testimony to the same awful certainty. Paul admonished the elders at Ephesus to be on their guard against the wolves that would invade the fold, and against false teachers who would assert themselves "speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them." (See Acts 20:28-30.) The same Apostle thus wrote to Timothy: "*Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron.*" (1 Tim. 4:1, 2; see also 2 Tim. 4:1-4; and 2 Thess. 2:3, 4.)

Peter prophesied, in language so plain that all may comprehend, of the heresies that would be preached as doctrine: "*But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of.*" (2 Peter 2:1, 2.)

John whom we call the Revelator foretold the apostate condition of the world. Likening the spirit of ungodliness to a hideous beast, he thus makes solemn record of the condition of men in the last days: "*And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. If*

any man have an ear, let him hear." (Rev. 13:7-9.)

Furthermore, the Revelator expressly predicted the restoration of the Gospel (Rev. 14:6, 7); and such restoration would be impossible had not the Gospel been taken from the earth.

Book of Mormon Scriptures foretold in plainness the great falling away and the subsequent restoration of the Gospel of Christ. (See 1 Nephi 13:5-9; 3 Nephi 16:7.)

THE APOSTASY AFFIRMED

The apostate condition of Christendom has been recognized and affirmed by high ecclesiastical authority. Let a single citation suffice. The Church of England thus proclaims the fact of degeneracy, as set forth in her "Homily against Peril of Idolatry," published about the middle of the sixteenth century and retained to this day as an official declaration:

"So that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children of whole Christendom—an horrible and most dreadful thing to think—have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry; of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man; and that by the space of eight hundred years and more."

By revelation through Joseph Smith the prophet the Lord thus affirmed the predictions of His ancient servants with respect to the apostasy of mankind: "*For they have strayed from mine ordinances, and have broken mine everlasting covenant; They seek not the Lord to establish his righteousness, but every man walketh in his own way, and after the image of his own God, whose image is in the likeness of the world, and whose substance is that of an idol.*" (Doctrine and Covenants 1:15, 16.)

The universal apostasy has been succeeded by the restoration of the Gospel, of which blessed truth the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints bears testimony to the world.

The Mother's Part

By Newel K. Young

PART I.

"Yes, Harry, the good men are coming to pray for you as soon as meeting is out."

The little fellow closed his dark eyes—they seemed coal-black now and large, too in comparison with the wan, snow-white, pinched face crowned with his black, wavy hair. The mother watched him closely as he pressed his lips together in a brave effort to endure, without murmur, the pain that was almost more than his little life could stand. After the fierceness of the spasm of pain had gone, the child began speaking in a faint, labored whisper. His mother, leaning low over his pillow, caught these words:

"Mama, it hurts—too—much. I want—to—stay—with you—to be your man until papa comes;—but I can't stand—the hurt. Let me go—to heaven—it won't hurt over there. Grandma will take care of me."

A noticeable struggle waged for a few brief moments in the mother's heart. Then her thin lips set tight in sign of a fixed purpose; a few big tears rolled from her sad, blue eyes down her pale cheeks. They were hastily brushed away for the boy's eyes were looking fast into the mother's face.

"Yes, Harry boy, you may go to grandma if the Lord wants you. Now rest until the elders come."

The mother withdrew into the adjoining room out of hearing of her child and knelt in prayer. "Father in heaven, Thy will be done; I am reconciled. Take Thou my boy, if it seemeth Thee good. But, Lord, stay near me. Give me the chance and strength to do acts of mercy for the sorrowing and needy; lead me, also in the company of little children to serve them that my heart may neither grow

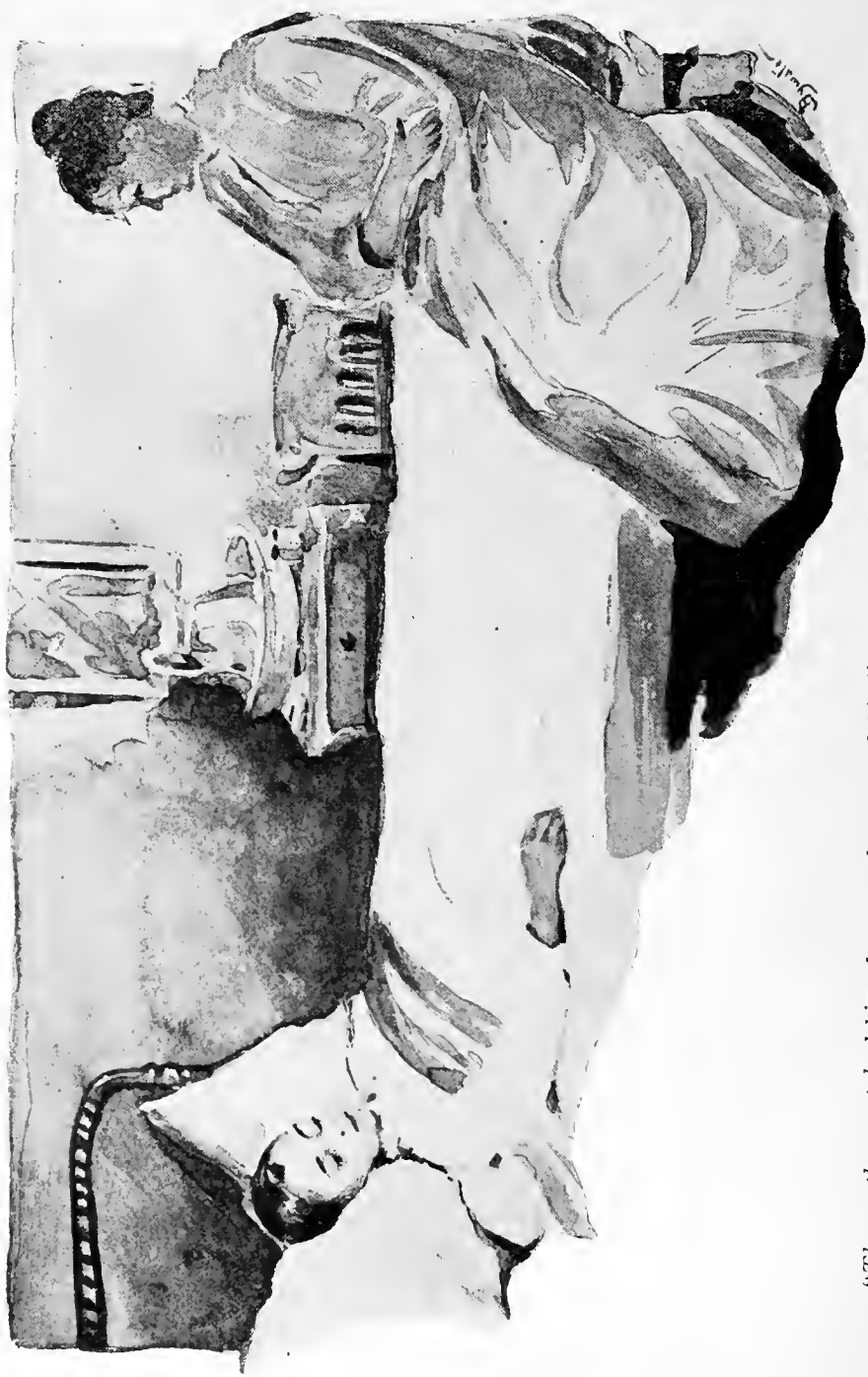
faint nor bitter. He is all I have. Take him gracious Father, forgive me if I have clung to him against Thy will. In the name of Jesus. Amen."

Peace filled this quiet woman's heart as she arose and stepped to the door in answer to a knock for admittance. The brethren entered. There were four of them—the bishopric and patriarch Evans. The young bishop, Archibald MacDonald, a large, strong, fearless, quiet Scotch lad of twenty-eight years, spoke as he took the small, thin hand of the woman in his large, sinewy one. "Sister Brown, we have come to administer to your boy. We are fasting specially for him. He was prayed for by a united people today. He has been sick for a long time, a patient, brave sufferer of terrible pain—"

"Yes," broke in the mother in a calm, quiet voice as she divined the young man's thought, "Brother MacDonald, I am reconciled. I want you to dedicate my boy to the Lord. He wants to go on to my mother away from his pain. It is best that I give him up."

"God bless you sister; you are a brave woman," replied the sturdy Scotchman with a tremulous voice and tearful eyes.

The child was anointed with holy oil, and dedicated to the Lord by the elders through Patriarch Evans as mouthpiece. Just as the speaker was closing his prayer, he and the other brethren were charged with the Spirit of the Lord and the Patriarch said, "Harry, your mother has laid her *all* on the altar of God even as Abraham. Her offering is accepted of the Father. We promise you that by faith you shall arise from this bed of affliction and grow to manhood. You shall bear the priesthood and carry the gospel to a foreign nation bringing many to a knowledge of the truth. By



"The mother watched him closely as he pressed his lips together in a brave effort to endure the pain."

faith in God, and through obedience to your godly mother, you shall have strength to suffer deep afflictions and sorrows without bitterness or loss of faith. You shall endure to the end and have much joy in your ministry in the midst of the Saints. We pronounce you well and whole in the authority of the Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

When the other brethren made ready to leave, the bishop said, "I will sit with the lad awhile."

As the bishop and the mother turned to the sick-bed from the leave-taking with the elders at the door they were astonished to see the child sitting up in bed.

"Mama, get my clothes; and call Harold and Jane to play with me," cried the boy.

The mother protested, saying that he was too weak and sick to get up.

The child's eyes opened wide with wonder, his face was shadowed with disappointment as he said, "Why, Mama Brown, the good men prayed for me, and Brother Evans said I would be well and go on a mission. I am not sick any more."

And even so it was.

PART II.

In the Shadow.

In the party spending the day at Red Cliffs there were the nine who had won the baseball pennant of the Junior High School League the day before, their principal, Mr. Hanson, Bishop and Mrs. MacDonald and their daughter Katie, Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Namsen, Mr. and Mrs. Adams and their daughter Jane, and the Scotch piper, old and quaint with his magic bagpipes.

They had spent the night at the Namsen's canyon home a few miles away, coming early to the cliffs for the day. The old Scotchman entertained them with his bagpipes at their camp about the spring for a time after their

arrival at the cliffs. The rapt attention that these boys and girls in the first years of their teens gave to the piper's music was an eloquent tribute to his skill.

The young people were the first to break away from the spell of this Highland bard and his strange, wonderful music. The girls were hunting flowers, the boys were throwing and shooting, though some of them were soon enlisted to get flowers that were out of reach of the girls.

"Oh, see that spray of columbine! isn't it beautiful! I wish we lived in the days of chivalry. Then some brave knight would get it for me, and receive my homage and colors for his reward," called Jane.

"Yes, but no matter who brought you the flowers, or got your homage or colors, the Swede or the Brown kid would get your heart, and who would have the rest without that, I'd like to know."

While Dan was thus giving vent to his spleen, Harry and Joe were racing for the columbine. Harold was among the cliffs somewhere for ferns and a maiden-hair for little Katie MacDonald.

Joe's path soon came to an abrupt end and he was lost in the race. Harry reached the top of the cliff and came down an oak tree that was hugging a projection of the ledge a few feet from the flower. He climbed out on a limb until he reached the face of the cliff; there he felt his way along by finding little projections on which to put his feet while holding to grass or vines that were scattered about the face of the precipice.

"Don't try! Go back, Harry! Go back!" shouted Jane and Esther in alarm. Harold came out from the deep fissure of the cliff where his quest had taken him to a little shelf of rock just wide enough to stand upon, and saw Harry hesitating above him.

"Yes, go back laddie," shouted Harold. "You may fall or faint. Come back, and I'll get it for the dears." In

truth Harold was just a little piqued for he had seen the beautiful vine of columbine and claimed it for the black eyed Scotch lassie.

Harry, throwing caution to the wind, had pushed himself forward to the flower. Just as he reached it he gave a jerk to break the stalk, his footing gave way, and the bunch of grass by which he was holding pulled up by the roots, and down he came. He fell some twenty feet on a point of sharp jagged rock, over which he was tumbling and rolling. This stretch of jagged rock continued for about thirty feet, from where he would plunge one hundred feet to the bottom of the canyon.

Harold took in the whole situation and as quick as thought caught a branch of a squaw bush and threw himself into the boy's path. He fastened his left hand in a firm hold on Harry's shirt, while holding the bush with his right in an iron grip. All the strength and nerve of his Viking blood and training were needed to stand the strain. His hand holding the limb was torn and bleeding, but he held on and working his way back to the narrow ledge of rock, passed into the fissure and placed the body on the sand. His companion, ghastly white and seemingly lifeless, was still holding the flower in his left hand, though the other hung limp and open at his side. Harry was unconscious, with blood oozing from his lips. The bishop and the piper had heard the screams and witnessed the rescue from a cliff a hundred yards away. The bishop was the first to reach the boys; Joe with Jane came next, closely followed by the piper. The bishop felt Harry's pulse and baring his breast laid his hand over the boy's heart.

"Is he dead?" gasped Jane and Harold in the same breath.

"There is still life there," replied the man as he wiped the blood from the boy's lips. "Bring some water, Joe!" Before the crowd arrived the bishop laid his hand on Harold's shoulder as

he said, "Harold I have never seen a braver act. 'Greater love than this hath no man, that he give his life for his friend.' God bless you. No matter how this ends, you are not to blame yourself."

"I taunted him, like a crazy fool," Harold replied.

"I heard, but you are not to blame yourself; nor you, Jane."

The other boys and girls were crowding about; all were watching anxiously, the bishop keeping his finger on the lad's pulse.

"His pulse is stronger. Give me the water Joe," asked the bishop. Joe held his hat of water nearer the boy's big friend. The man bathed the boy's face with water, and wiped away the blood that continued to ooze from his lips.

"See, he is opening his eyes," whispered Jane, in tense voice. He opened his eyes for only an instant in which he smiled in recognition of the bishop.

"He knew you," said Harold.

Again he opened his eyes. "I—held the flowers—Jane—oh, here you are—they're yours—Harold—saved them." Here he lost consciousness again in a spasm of pain. When next he opened his eyes he simply said, "Does mother know?—My leg!" The bishop found his left thigh broken. But the blood oozing from his lips gave them their chief alarm.

In the meantime, Dan had been sent to tell the crowd at the spring of the accident; and to ask Mr. Adams to go with him to the ranch to phone for the doctor. The bishop wanted the Adams' car left with which to take the boy to the ranch, if they could move him, as it was easier riding than his own. He sent word for the women to remain at the spring as they could not reach the boy, but for Mr. Namsen to come to help carry the boy to his mother.

The bishop said, "Tell Mrs. Brown her boy is seriously hurt, but we will trust God for his life," concluded Dan.

Three days later, at the hospital in the city, this brave patient mother sat near the bedside of her boy, dry eyed and silent, while five of the best physicians of the country and the bishop and Mr. Namsen in an adjoining room, consulted on the boy's condition; his leg would mend in eight or ten weeks. Outside, in nervous anxiety, were Harold and Jane. This examination of the boy was conducted by the physicians by the aid of the X-rays.

The verdict that the two friends were to give to the little woman was that her boy could not live; nothing more could be done for him. The doctors could not understand why he had not died within a day from the time of the accident. The injury done his lungs and spine were beyond help or cure.

"Oh, yes. That is all right for the doctors, but we know what the Lord can do. Call some of the brethren to administer to my boy. Patriarch Evans and Brother Adams are in town," spoke Mrs. Brown.

After a few minutes' study the bishop responded, "Yes, we will pray for your boy. But I would not have you cherish false hopes to be crushed. The boy is terribly hurt. But the Lord can heal him if He wills."

"Do you think my boy will die, bishop?" asked the mother looking searchingly into this good man's eyes. These strong men could never refuse this quiet, retiring, simple, woman the truth. Neither could they evade answering her questions at such times. She never asked idle questions; when she talked she spoke with a purpose.

"I do not know what the Lord will do. For him to live is a human impossibility. It seems almost too much for the faith of man. I have seen with the X-Ray his condition. I would not contend against the Lord's will."

"If it is the Father's will for my boy to go, I will give him up without a word or question. But—do you re-

member what the Lord promised my boy?"

"Not all, perhaps. I know he raised him suddenly from an apparent death-bed to robust health; and there were promises for the future. We cannot always know just when the Lord is speaking."

With deep earnestness the woman continued, "In your hearing the Lord through His servants has promised my boy that he should grow to manhood and work in the ministry though he should suffer much affliction and sorrow or pain; I would not have him escape necessary suffering, but I do want him to live until the Lord is through with him here. I don't want him to die for the want of faith. Now will you say that the Lord has changed His purpose regarding my boy or that the part of his blessing that referred to his living to maturity is not from the Lord; that our brother spoke of himself? You have the right to know. I believe it is God's word and that by faith Harry will live. But if you say otherwise I will bow my head in silence and never murmur against the Lord or His servants. But do not doubt, speak in certainty. I await your word."

"By unfaltering faith it shall be as God has spoken," rejoined Brother MacDonald.

"Have you the faith to go to Him in immovable trust? or shall I return alone to pray for my boy?" asked the lad's mother.

"I will pray with you. I was wrong, forgive me. Brother Namsen, call Brothers Adams and Evans, I will await them here."

Brother Evans offered a prayer, Brother Adams administered the oil, while the bishop is sealing the anointing spoke these words: "You shall mend from this hour, arising from your bed of affliction before many weeks, and you shall be sound and strong in every organ of your body. You shall live and fill your mission and ministry in the earth. We renew upon

your head every promise of the past."

All this circle of friends were brought even closer together than before by this child's affliction. The bishop and Mr. Namsen visited him daily giving help and comfort.

But Harold's and Jane's devotion to Harry and his mother during these weeks of suffering and anxiety was beautiful, indeed. These two boys grew to love each other as it is given to few young men to love one another.

And the association of the mother

and boy at this time when they were brought near the Lord became a mighty factor in the making of this boy's character. The contagion of the woman's self-denying courage and un-failing faith and love did much to help the boy to a full realization of a rich, full-orbed manhood. He began to feel the glory and joy and strength of his divine sonship.

How blessed are the experiences and discipline of sorrow and self-sacrifice!

Beauty Spots of the Intermountain West

IV

LAMB'S CANYON.

Utah has been lavishly blessed by nature in the environment of mountain, lake and other natural resources. In former articles our readers have been told of the beauties of City Creek and Ogden Canyons, and of Lake Blanche. This month we present some

views taken in Lamb's Canyon, a branch of Parley's, well known by many of our fathers, who, in pioneer days, visited this beautiful spot to secure their winter's wood.

The head of the Canyon lies at an altitude of from 7,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level, and the air is absolutely pure, fresh, and exhilarating.

Springs of clear, cold water, of absolute purity, are found all along the Canyon. As a place of retreat, "far from the maddening crowd," it is one of the beauty spots of Utah.

The whole canyon and mountain sides are covered with a profusion of flowers succeeding each other the whole summer long. There seems no end to them, and chiefly and especially may be mentioned the beautiful, chaste Columbine, the Colorado State flower.

Sweet, dainty, lovely modest
flower,
O how I long to see your
bower;
'Midst asps and pines on roll-
ing hills;
Thy home is there, 'side
trickling rills.

—Murdoch.



A profusion of Flowers

"Like the true lover, we feel to admire each changing mood the best. Spring with its fading snows and peeping violets; Summer with its full blown beauty; Autumn with its glories, competing with the Sunset; and even Winter with her masses of snow, ice and deathlike stillness each hold our utmost admiration."

"The temperature is cool and very pleasant. In sultry hot days in the Salt Lake Valley, it is pleasant and agreeable up there. There are never any complaints on the score of heat. From prostration and exhaustion in the city we merge into a cool, bracing atmosphere that invig-



A Bend in the Road



Near the Summit

orates, exhilarates and builds up immediately.

"To be appreciated it has but to be seen. Shade in abundance, best water to be obtained anywhere, climate that is unsurpassed, view, mountain scenery, unlimited scope for mountain climbing—the best place on earth to rest and quickly recuperate.

Lamb's Canyon runs off Parley's Canyon, directly opposite Roach's Ranch, the half-way house to Park City, on the Lincoln Highway. A private company has constructed a new boulevard the entire length of the Canyon. Every bend has its own picturesque scene. In many places the road cuts right through the forest, and beautiful trees



The road cuts through the forest

trammelled by crowded conditions that exist in resorts too close to the city.

Standing at the summit of this glorious bit of Nature's handiwork and gazing above, one is involuntarily filled with awe, and the truths of the 19th Psalm are burned into his soul:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world."



"Far from the maddening crowd"

line the highway for long distances. Emerging for brief moments, the outlook becomes more enchanting, and as height is attained the scenes are unsurpassed in western America. Near the summit of the boulevard, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, a grand, comprehensive view is obtained, and mountain peaks in Wyoming are very plainly seen, some 150 or 175 miles away.

As the years roll round our canyon retreats are becoming more and more appreciated and are being gradually taken up and improved by those anxious to secure a place where the study and enjoyment of nature can be pursued un-



CALLIOPE HUMMING-BIRD
(*Stellula calliope*)

Male—Golden green above, except tail; under parts white with rusty flanks, and sides glossed with green. Gorget or throat feathers, rose purplish with white bases, giving the effect of streaking; sides of the neck pure white. Tail feathers, brown, edged at base, especially on the inner webs, faintly with rufus; the ends faded; under mandible yellow. Length, 2.75 inches; tail, 1.00; wing, 1.60; bill to base of feathers, .55.

Female—Only a few dusky specks where the metallic gorget of the male appears, and throat feathers not elongated; no green on sides and more brownish beneath. A white crescent under the eye. Tail more rounded; the outer three feathers, green at base, then black and tipped with white; the fourth feather green and black; the fifth green and merely dusky at the end; all except the central feathers edged internally at base with rufous. Under mandible slightly pale at base but not yellowish white as in the male. Length, 3.50; wing, 1.75; tail, 1.10; bill, .58-.60.

Hab.—British Columbia to Southern California, East to Colorado; migrating to Mexico.

The Calliope Humming-Bird

• By Claude T. Barnes, Co-author "*Western Natural Resources*"

Art thou a bird, a bee or butterfly?
"Each and all three—a bird in shape
am I,
A bee collecting sweets from bloom to
bloom,
A butterfly in brilliancy of plume."
—Montgomery.

The cool mountain meadow was resplendent with all the beauties of June.

A murmur whispered through the sombre pines behind me, and a rillet gurgled through its grass-fringed channel at my feet. I sat beside a black twinberry with its corollas of dull yellow tinged with red; and near by, a coral root drooped a cluster of yellow, reddish-tipped, flowers. The

hillsides were adorned with the sky-blue blossoms of a species of lungwort.

I was carefully observing the lilac flowers of the Utah sweet pea, when suddenly a humming-bird whirred across my vision and paused with vibrant wings before one of the pale violet, delicately scented blooms of an Indian hyacinth. I quickly peered at it through the glasses, and from its size, and the snowy white bases of its elongated, loose throat feathers, I discovered, much to my delight, that it was that smallest of the small, a *Calliope* humming-bird. Either unafraid or unaware of my presence, it hesitated but a second over the beautiful flower and then flew and alighted on the extreme tip of a stunted, dead pine tree only a few feet away. There it rested as if contentedly posing for my eager observation.

A frill of minute, pinnated feathers of a delicate magenta tint, encircled its throat, and to my surprise this splendid adornment was raised or depressed at will. I thus knew it to be a male. So satisfied a mite of feathers must have a nest nearby. I searched carefully; and there only a few yards away in a young pine was the tiny nest artfully concealed beside a cone on a small limb that rocked with every breeze. It consisted of a neat cup of willow down, protectingly colored with cone-shreds and bark-strips. The female quivered away exposing two wee, white eggs resting in their elfin home.

A humming-bird is always interesting. Its awl-shaped bill forms a tube for the working of a very long tongue, which consists anteriorly of two hollow threads closed at the ends and united behind. Its food consists partly of nectar but very largely of diminutive insects, which are captured by the tongue as it probes about the corolla of a flower. Over four hundred fifty species of humming-birds are recognized by ornithologists; but all save about seventeen are found south of the

United States, especially in the Andean states.

Humming-birds are unique: their flight is exactly like that of an insect, the vibration being so intense and wonderful that the wings appear but a blur. Grebes, loons and penguins, with proportionately smaller wings, achieve no such remarkable result. We are accustomed to see the *Anthraxes* and other aerial insects support themselves in the air with this rapid vibration; but to see a bird with long, narrow wings, do it, is marvelous indeed. The equilibrium of the body is maintained by the alternate up and down strokes of the wings which produce a distinct humming sound.

The horizontal flight of the humming-bird is almost too rapid for the eye to follow, and, in fact, creates a hissing sound.

Being almost entirely aerial, a humming-bird seems always agitated with the very intensity of its life. It comes like a flash, assumes a vertical position before a flower, expands its tail like a fan, vibrating its wings and standing literally on air, plunges its thread-like tongue into the corolla and dashes away as it came.

Humming-birds are notorious for their aggressive disposition. They will attack anything that infuriates them whether it be a moth, a spider or a hawk. When fighting flycatchers, hawks and other large birds, they make for the eyes with the alertness of lightning and the persistence of demons. Few birds can cope with so savage and agile an enemy.

A faint twitter and a thin hiss are the only vocal utterances of North American humming-birds; they really are incapable of song. In captivity they survive only a few weeks but readily feed from a tiny bottle of sweetened water.

Their plumage is iridescent and wonderful; and strange to say, it changes color in accordance with the light. Thus a brilliant gorget of emerald green may by a slight movement

become a velvety black. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that each barbule of the diminutive feathers is hollowed in the center; and thus at certain angles absorbs light rays and at others reflects them.

As Alexander Wilson says:

When morning dawns * * * *

The flower fed humming bird his round pursues,
Sips with inserted tube the honied blooms,

And chirps his gratitude as round he roams;

While richest roses, though in crimson drest,

Shrink from the splendor of his gorgeous breast.

What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!

Each rapid movement gives a different dye;

Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show—

Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow!



SUPERINTENDENTS PROVO SECOND WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL

The above group represents the Superintendents of the Provo Second Ward Sunday School, with terms of office, from the date of its organization, January 16, 1876. (Previous to this date the Provo Sunday School for all the Wards was held in the Tabernacle).

Reading from right to left:

Back row, standing—W. A. Gay, December 26, 1915, incumbent; Henry Boone, May 24, 1914, to December 26, 1915; Seth Scott, October 27, 1907, to May 24, 1914; N. C. Larsen, September 27, 1903, to October 27, 1907.

Front row, sitting: J. M. Jensen, September 11, 1898, to September 27, 1903; S. P. Eggertsen, October 22, 1893, to September 11, 1898; L. E. Eggertsen, March 23, 1890, to October 22, 1893; Evan Wride, January 16, 1876, to March 23, 1890.



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SALT LAKE CITY, - - JUNE, 1917

Fame

One of the methods of inciting the young to put forth the best that is within them is to call up the memories of men who have become famous in the history of the world. History teaches us that only a few of the world's millions have become men of fame, men who have won great distinction among their fellow men and a prominent place on the pages of his-

tory. Such men have had a national mission to perform, or it may be an universal mission in life. They have spoken and acted for millions of their fellow men. They have been guide posts along the highways of life, to serve as an emulation or a warning to others. They exhibit to us the wonderful possibilities of human life and teach us by the magic of their examples.

On the other side of the picture there are the millions whose mission in life is mostly personal and whose influence extends at most over their familiar and immediate associates. The latter have an opportunity to establish a high degree of individual integrity and lay thereby the foundation for eternal progress. If worthy they may establish a fame that will be as great as it is everlasting.

It is one thing to admire the justly famous men of the world, to be moved and inspired by their example, but it is quite another thing when we imagine that the greatness of fame may be the heritage of all men.

An ambition to be famous in the world is a very questionable ambition. As a rule men who have won the high merit of an universally esteemed place in history did so unconsciously. Their lives were dedicated as a rule to the service of their fellow men. They performed some prodigious labor, or suffered and sacrificed much for the welfare of others. Sometimes they wore a martyr's crown. Their fame has often been delayed for the judgment of posterity, while they died in obscurity.

A study of the great characters will reveal in them as a rule the spirit of

helpfulness, the desire to bestow upon others what was given them to possess or enjoy.

After all, fame is an indefinable thing. Famous men have sometimes been so saturated with vices that if a balance of their lives were cast we should find a preponderance of evil. All must await God's judgment, and He looks not upon man as men do. We shall, without the least doubt, be surprised as we look upon the roster of worldly noted men in the hereafter, just as the rich man was surprised when he looked upon Lazarus in the bosom of Abraham.

This disappointment which Christ so strikingly portrayed was the disappointment of the rich; and why the rich? Because the ambition for riches is so general and the lesson was universally needed. Have we learned it or does our greatest admiration fall upon worldly honors?

Christ has become the most righteously famous of all men, but how many seek fame along the road of life traveled by Him! If Christ may in any sense be said to have had any ambition, it was the ambition to do the will of the Father. He is the only one whose fame we may safely or unerringly strive to emulate. In life He was the meekest of all; in death, the prince of the universe.

Life's Music

Come what may, we should make our lives songs. We have no right to add to the world's discords or to sing any but sweet strains in the ears of others. We should add something every day to the stock of the world's happiness.

To make our life beautiful music we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false

note, and yields discord. Obedience and joyous submission make glad music.

Every life, even the lowliest, that learns of God and then speaks out its message, adds something to the world's blessing and beauty. We ought to speak out our heart's gladness. There is something very strange in the tendency which seems so common in human lives to hide the gladness and tell out the misery.

Gladness is God's ideal for His children. He has made the world full of beauty and full of music. The mission of the Gospel is to start songs wherever it goes. Its keynote is joy—glad tidings of great joy to all people.

It is the sad-heart that tires. Whatever our load, we should always keep a songful spirit in our hearts.

It is better to be a sunny Christian, rejoicing, songful, happy, than a sad, gloomy Christian. It makes our own life sweeter and more beautiful. It makes others happier. A gloomy Christian casts shadows wherever he goes, a sunny Christian is a benediction to every life he touches.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

Oh, brothers, are you asking how
The hills of happiness to find?
Then know they lie behind this vow—
"God helping me, I will be kind!"

The Test of a Good Life

"Judging other people harshly is not a sign of growth; judging ourselves more and more severely is, however, an infallible one. Robert Louis Stevenson says somewhere: 'There is but one test of a good life; that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behavior. Satisfaction with one's-self, self-righteousness, is the deadliest of enemies to Christian growth.'"

THE GREAT WAR

We are in the war and the government is doing everything possible to prepare for the trying ordeal. Congress has provided for a seven billion dollar war loan and 250,000,000 dollars have already been advanced to Great Britain. France, Italy and Russia are to have money from the United States and it is estimated that from three to four hundred million dollars will be needed each month to meet the requirements of the Allies.

Congress is busily engaged with war legislation and active preparations are being made for recruiting the army and navy under the selective conscription law, which was recently enacted. Enlistments in Utah have been more satisfactory than in most states, especially for the navy, and complimentary mention has been made of the fact. The rural districts have been more prompt than the cities. When a prominent Non-Mormon official was asked why there were so few enlistments in Salt Lake City, he replied: "Because only forty per cent of the people are Mormons."

The Utah State Council for Defense, which is composed of some of our leading citizens, is actively engaged in promoting husbandry and other industries that are most essential to the welfare of the people under war conditions. They are outlining a wide field of activities and are in close touch with Defense Councils of other States as well as the National Council for Defense.

BRITISH AND FRENCH MISSIONS

Embassies from England and France, composed of some of their highest and ablest officials, both civil and military, have spent much time during the past month in consultation with the authorities at Washington, planning for the future conduct of the

war, which they all declare is likely to be a long one.

The distinguished visitors have been very profuse in their expressions of praise and gratitude to the United States for the sublime devotion to humanity which caused her to enter the war. The following brief excerpts from some of their eloquent speeches will give a faint idea of their sentiments:

British Foreign Secretary Balfour said:

"The British nation is laying before the people of the United States our gratitude for the sympathy which they have shown and are showing, and our warm confidence in the value of the assistance which they are affording the Allied cause. I do not believe that the magnitude of that assistance can by any possibility be exaggerated. I am told that there are some doubting critics who seem to think that the object of the mission of France and Great Britain to this country is to inveigle the United States out of its traditional policy and to entangle it in formal alliances, secret or public, with European powers. I cannot imagine any rumor with less foundation, nor can I imagine a policy so utterly unnecessary. Our confidence in this assistance which we are going to get from this community is not based upon such shallow considerations as those which arise out of formal treaties. No treaty could increase the undoubted confidence with which we look to the United States, who, having come into the war, are going to see the war through. If there is any certainty in human affairs, that is certain.

"I do not suppose that it is possible for you—I am sure it would be impossible for me if I were in your place, to realize in concrete detail all that war means to those who have been engaged in it for now two years and a half. That is a feeling which comes, and can only come, by

actual experience. We on the other side of the Atlantic have been living in an atmosphere of war since August, 1914, and you cannot move about the streets, you cannot go about your daily business, even if your affairs be disassociated with the war itself, without having evidence of the war brought to your notice every moment.

"This war is to be settled by hard fighting, and when it comes to hard fighting neither America nor Britain nor France need fear measuring themselves at any moment against those who have risen up against all that we hold dear for the future.

"It requires every man and woman on this side of the Atlantic, as on the other side, to throw their efforts into the scale of right, but that effort unquestionably will be made. I speak with confidence about the issue of this great struggle—a confidence which is redoubled since you have thrown in your lot."

The French Vice-Premier Rene Viviani said:

"As President Wilson has said, the republic of the United States rises in its strength as a champion of right, and rallies to the side of France and her allies. Only our descendants, when time has removed them sufficiently far from present events, will be able to measure the full significance, the grandeur of an historic act which has sent a thrill through the whole world. From today on all the forces of freedom are let loose. And not only victory, of which we were already assured, is certain; the true meaning of victory is made manifest; it cannot be merely a fortunate military conclusion to this struggle, it will be the victory of morality and right, and will forever secure the existence of a world in which all our children shall draw free breath in full peace and undisturbed pursuit of their labors.

"To accomplish this great work, which will be carried to completion, we are about to exchange views with

the men in your government best qualified to help. The co-operation of the republic of the United States in this world conflict is now assured. We work together as free men, who are resolved to save the ideals of mankind.

"I well know that the jibes of our enemies, who have never seen before them anything but horizons of carnage, will never cease to jeer at so noble a dream. Such has always been the fate of ideas at their birth; and if thinkers and men of action had allowed themselves to be discouraged by skeptics mankind would still be in its infancy and we would still be slaves. After material victory we will win this moral victory. We will shatter the ponderous sword of militarism; we will establish guarantees for peace, and then we shall leave at the cost of our common immolation the noblest heritage future generations can possess."

The British General Bridges said: "We came into the war in the cause of civilization to make it clear to the world that might was not right. We do not fight for territory, indemnities or national aggrandizement, but for an ideal—the freedom of mankind and the right of small nations to live, and those who fight for ideals go on striving until they attain them, or perish in the attempt. The chief reason that the Allies so heartily welcome your great country into the arena of the war is that you see things with our eyes; following up the inestimable services you have rendered us in the past, you are determined to mobilize your vast resources and to strike for the cause of liberty and to make the world a decent and a fit place to live in."

That these war conferences have had a profound effect upon our national officials is very apparent. Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, declared his belief that the war will last several years and that all the resources of the country must be brought into action to insure success. Concerning

the necessity of the United States entering the war he said: *"If we don't fight the war on the other side we shall have to fight it on this side of the Atlantic."*

The slogan has gone forth to the nation for intensive farming and the greatest possible production of all the necessities of life, because our Allies in Europe must largely depend upon us for food and other supplies. The people are admonished to practice frugality and to avoid all possible waste so the restrictions which have been placed upon our European friends may not become necessary here.

THE WAR IN EUROPE

The fighting on the West front has been terrific during the past month. The English and French troops have kept up an incessant assault upon the German trenches, gaining some ground and causing great loss of life, besides taking a host of prisoners. But the resistance has been stubborn and determined, with occasional counter-attacks. At this rate it will take a long time to clear France and Belgium of the invaders.

The submarine warfare still goes on. Three weeks ago the losses of shipping was quite appalling but recent reports show a decided decrease in the number of disasters.

Germany is having troubles of her own. Several riots have taken place during the past month and strikes have occurred at some of the munition factories. Complaint has been made of the shortage of food and reforms in government have been demanded. There is evidently a feeling of great unrest among the people.

It is reported that the immediate following of the German Emperor is exerting pressure on him to abdicate, and that at a recent meeting of the family, one member, bolder than the rest, intimated that the Emperor might save the situation by following the example of Emperor Nicholas. The German monarch is reported to have

turned pale and after observing that the general opinion was against him, left the room, muttering "We shall see."

Whether this is true or not, the entry of the United States into the war has furnished food for serious reflection. It is an essential fact that Germany is today fighting the world. She knows that the United States possesses double the wealth of Great Britain, five times the wealth of France, six times the wealth of Russia, twelve times the wealth of Italy and sixteen times the wealth of Japan. She knows our resources to be two and one-half times those of Germany, Austria and Turkey combined, and that there are today nine hundred and eighty-two million people arrayed against one hundred and sixty-four million of the Central Powers.

It seems incomprehensible that the Kaiser and his people cannot see the hopelessness of their cause. Such total blindness to the obvious truth and utter disregard of reason is without a parallel in history.

RUSSIA

No permanent government has yet been established in Russia. There are several factions claiming the right to rule. It is understood that the United States will do everything possible to help this unfortunate nation in bringing order out of chaos, and a commission of statesmen is to be sent from this country, with Elihu Root as Chairman.

The situation is reported as extremely critical, but assurances are given that no separate peace proposition will be entertained and that is the all-important matter at the present time, as it might turn the scales of war.

SOLVING THE SUBMARINE PROBLEM

Quite a sensation was created last week by the statement in some of the newspapers that the U-boats, which are now the greatest menace to the Al-

lies, were doomed, and that it was believed the submarine problem was solved. It was reported that a scheme to stop the ravages of German submarines, which included offensive operations on an extensive scale, had been submitted to the Government by the Naval Advisory Board.

Mr. Saunders, the Chairman of the Board, expressed himself quite optimistically on the subject and said the announcement had been made at this time to allay the fears aroused by recent expressions by American and British officials that the U-boat snake was beginning to crush the limbs of traffic between the United States and her European Allies. He said the new plans contemplate an offensive on a large scale, and that the result would be to narrow the field of operations of submarines.

A dispatch from Washington, dated May 8, says:

Hope is brightening that American inventive genius has found the road that may lead to freedom of the seas from German submarines. Secretary Daniels said:

"We have gone over all the problems connected with combating the submarines, and experts of the consulting board will continue their experiments with inventions designed to eliminate the menace. I can only say this concerning their work—that their plans are no dream. They are very important and very far-reaching. They believe they are on the right road. They believe they are going to turn out something that is worth while."

As the submarine is an American invention, it would seem singularly appropriate for American genius to supply an antidote for that terrible affliction.

PLAN FOR GREAT AMERICAN MERCHANT FLEET

Among other war measures, congress will be asked to appropriate one billion dollars for the building of a

great American merchant fleet, which is to overcome the submarine menace.

The program contemplates the diversion to government uses of the products of every steel mill in the country except those needed otherwise for national defense.

It is estimated that ship-building operations may be in motion within two weeks and that five million to six million tons of steel and wooden vessels will be constructed by the government during the next two years. Every resource in the United States will be employed to design and build the largest number of ships possible.

AN ARMY OF AMERICAN ENGINEERS FOR FRANCE

It is reported from Washington that nine new regiments of Army engineers, to be composed exclusively of highly trained railway men, will be the first American troops sent to France. They will go "at the earliest possible moment," the war department announced, but speculation as to the exact time when or to what points they will be sent is forbidden because of the submarine menace.

The expedition will have a total strength of between 11,000 and 12,000 men. Every branch of railway workers necessary to the building or operation of lines will be represented and the war department expects an army of experts in railway operations.

The decision to send the engineers is understood to have grown out of conferences at Washington between government officials and members of the French and British war missions. One of the great problems of the war has been that of maintaining adequate supply lines and the railroads are the vital element of the system that feeds men, and sends shells and food toward the fighting front from channel ports and from France.

Engineering feats of spectacular nature have been accomplished in perfecting these communication lines. A whole British railroad was picked up

bodily, rolling stock, rails and all, and taken to France. American engineers had much to do with that. They also have, under contract with the British and French governments, driven tunnels, built spurs and bridges and mapped out schemes of transportation that are in operation today.

The administration's action means that American troops carrying the American flag and in the uniform of the American army are soon to be on French soil. If there is psychological value in such a movement, as both French and British commissioners have urged, it will show itself with the arrival in France of the first engineer regiment.

THE KAISER AS A PEACE MAKER

An American editor has advanced the novel idea that the Kaiser is eligible for the Nobel peace prize because of "the burning away of old distrusts and hatreds among the once hostile peoples now banded together in a spiritual as well as a military alliance against the Central Powers. England and France forget their ancient feuds, England and Russia their territorial jealousies, Russia and Japan their quarrels in Asia, while the

United States, brushing aside old wrongs and recent suspicions, steps into line beside England and Japan in the great alliance whose dominant purpose is to make the world "safe for democracy." As visible symbols of this new spirit of international brotherhood among former foes, he sees the flags of the Allies flying side by side in the various capitals, and the Stars and Stripes beside the Union Jack above the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa and Westminster, where no foreign flag was ever before unfurled. And, even more symptomatic of the dawn of a new era, he notes the war-conference in Washington between the British and French commissions and the American Government."

This unique suggestion may prove to be more than a satirical jest. With the joint interests of all the Allied Nations cemented together by the blood of their soldiers and the sufferings of their peoples, it may reasonably be expected that such a union will not only hasten the end of the war, but when it is over, these nations will stand together for the preservation of the world's peace. It looks as though the wrath of man might yet be made to serve the Lord, who directs the destinies of nations.



PRIMARY CLASS OF SNOWFLAKE WARD

Teachers Mary and Caroline Lundquist, Julia Fish. Enrolled, 44; present, 39.

Hail this precious Primary Day,
We always work instead of play,
Teaching joy and peace and love,
Giving thanks to God above.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Teacher-Training Department

Milton Bennion, chairman; Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion

Phases of Religious Training

Text: "The Making of a Teacher," (Brumbaugh) Chapter XXI.

In the religious development of the individual it is important to train the judgment. This is a safeguard against fanaticism and blundering methods of carrying out good intentions. The ends of religion are not, however, attained by the trained judgment alone. This must be supplemented by cultivated feelings for God and humanity and a trained will that responds to opportunities for religious service.

The term "natural punishment" in Spencer's chapter on "Moral Education" should be changed to "reasonable punishment." Nature seems to be unmoral, although it is true offenders are often punished by the natural consequences of their own acts. It happens, however, that nature's punishments often fall upon other persons than the offender, thus the innocent suffer with the guilty. All will, of course, agree that punishment should be reasonable; and that it should, as nearly as may be, bear a logical relation to the offense, but more especially to the motive behind the offense. Spencer's illustrations of "natural punishments" are generally good examples of reasonable punishments inflicted through the agency of parents or guardians—not by nature, which could never compel a child to gather up the litter it had strewn upon the floor.

Every great religion includes a system of morals and the religious life necessarily includes the moral life.

Judging the Lesson Value of Material

(By Milton Bennion)

We study facts in order to discover principles. We value principles because they help us better to understand ourselves, our relation to God and to our fellow men, and because by their application we can realize ends worth while.

These are the standards by which the lesson value of material can be judged. Some material may have value also be-

cause it arouses the feelings in a way that stimulates to worthy action.

We are not ordinarily interested in knowing the number, form, and size of the pebbles on the street. Such facts point neither to principles nor purposes, and therefore have no value as lesson material. It is conceivable that an engineer, under some circumstances, might have use for facts of this nature. In that case these facts would become possessed of value.

Many recorded facts of history are about as useless to the ordinary person as knowledge about the pebbles on the street. Yet teachers continue requiring pupils to learn these facts and for no other reason, apparently, than because they are written in the books. Is there any reason why one should learn the names of all the kings of Israel and Judah? Or memorize the genealogy of Jesus? Many facts like these are read and a lesson drawn from them, but the thing learned is some significant fact or principle derived from what is read.

Children often read stories that appeal to the sentiments. If these sentiments are unworthy such reading is positively bad; but, if the sentiments are good, thus far the lesson material is good. The lesson, however, is very defective if provision is not made for leading the children to act upon their good sentiments. In selecting material of an emotional type care should, therefore, be taken to get emotion-arousing material that can be followed up with appropriate action. It should not be of the dreary, far away, impractical type. A sentiment of sympathy for the unfortunate should lead as quickly as possible to an act of kindness toward some one in need. In planning a lesson the teacher should consider whether or not the material in hand can be used in this way. This, of course, relates to the emotional elements of the lesson.

As to the intellectual elements the teacher in his preparation work should formulate the principles to be taught and the possible applications of these principles. All the available facts should

then be selected because of their bearing upon these purposes of the lesson.

If it is part of your work to tell stories to children examine each story carefully. Is it designed to appeal to the emotions? If so, apply the above tests and reject every story that does not measure up to this standard. If the story is designed to teach a principle, omit irrelevant facts that have no bearing upon the principle,

and elaborate those facts that make it clear and illustrate its applications.

What is here said of the selections of story material applies to all lesson material in all grades of the Sunday School.

The test of the value of this teacher-training lesson will be your ability to apply it in the selection of your materials for the lessons you have next to teach.

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JULY, 1917

I come to Thee all penitent;
I feel Thy love for me,
Dear Savior, in this Sacrament
I do remember Thee.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JULY 1st, 8th, and 15th, 1917

"The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is, to all those who are privileged with the sweets of its liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun." (Joseph Smith.)

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JULY 22nd and 29th

On Saturday, August 6th, 1842, at Montrose, Iowa, the Prophet Joseph Smith said: "I prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction, and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains. Many would apostatize; others would be put to death by our persecutors, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease; and some would live to go and assist in making settlements and building cities, and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

Notes

1. It will be necessary for the concert leader to preface the above recitations with a brief explanation or statement to which the recitation should be a response. Nor should he be content with this statement being given one Sunday, but their meaning and force should be brought out

by the necessary statement or question by the leader, each Sunday—preferably, of course, in a slightly different way each time.

2. To secure activity, all the pupils might be asked early in June to learn the Concert Recitations. Then, certain classes, or sections, might be invited to give the recitation one Sunday and

others the next. Such a friendly competition should bring good results.

3. The Concert Recitations for July 1st, 8th, and 15th are provided for the Sunday Schools in the United States, and those for July 22nd and 29th for the Schools in the Rocky Mountain region. Sunday Schools in other countries should use Recitations suitable to local conditions. We suggest that the Fourth Commandment, used in June, be continued through July. The same rule applies to the songs named. Use only those suitable to your locality.

SUGGESTIVE SONGS FOR JULY 1

Flag of the Free, No. 22.
Star-Spangled Banner, No. 203.
America, No. 215.
Hail Columbia, No. 266.

SUGGESTIVE SONGS FOR JULY 22

For the Strength of the Hills We Bless Thee, No. 52.
Utah, We Love Thee, No. 18.
Utah, the Queen of the West, No. 150.
To the Giver of All Blessings, No. 168.
Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise, No. 190.
O Ye Mountains High, No. 198.
Proud? Yes of Our Home in the Mountains, No. 200.

To Superintendents:

Superintendents are requested to read the article in the Choristers and Organists' Department entitled "Preparation and Co-operation."



OASIS WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL, DESERET STAKE

Samuel Rutherford, Superintendent; C. O. W. Pierson, 1st Assitant; J. V. Styler, 2nd Assistant.

"Many an otherwise good child has been driven to wicked thoughts and deeds by harsh and unkind words, when kind words would have acted as an incentive to do only what was right and best."

Choristers and Organists' Department

*Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Horace S. Ensign, Geo. D. Pyper, Edward P. Kimball
and Tracy Y. Cannon*

Preparation and Co-operation

[By Tracy Y. Cannon]

It has been observed that whenever good, worshipful music has predominated in a meeting of the Latter-day Saints the Spirit of the Lord has always been present in rich abundance, the speakers have been inspired and the congregation uplifted. If we remember that the Lord ever stands ready to give His Spirit to the degree we are prepared for its reception, and we understand also the true mission of music in worship, we may know why this is so.

Music in worship must always be a means to an end. Its mission is to prepare one for the reception of the Spirit of the Lord by replacing all thoughts of care, turmoil and worry with thoughts of peace and joy, and a feeling that love is the all-conquering force in the universe.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the greatest of care be exercised in the selection of all music, and that the preparation be most thorough. Otherwise the music may have the very opposite effect to that desired. Have you not sometimes fervently wished the organ had never been invented when the fair organist persisted from Sunday to Sunday in inflicting on the congregation some very inappropriate and badly played "piece"? Did it drive away all worry and give you a sweet, restful feeling, or did you feel like one of those whom Shakespeare said was "fit for treason"?

While it is true that many of our organists have had no opportunity to study the organ and some of the choristers are very poorly trained in conducting, there are, nevertheless, a number of ways in which the music can be made better.

Good judgment in the selection of the preliminary and sacramental music and of an appropriate choice of songs suitable to the occasion, is possible, even though the organist and chorister are not very experienced musicians. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR recently printed a long list of suitable music for preliminary, sacramental and closing selections. Organists should preserve the issues that contain this list of pieces and select from it such material as will suit their needs. And before any of the selections are played in Sunday School they should be

thoroughly learned and practiced on the organ.

By a careful study of the words of the Sunday School songs and an effort at catching the spirit of the music it should not be a difficult matter for a chorister to select appropriate hymns for every Sunday of the year. A little earnest thought applied to the song before it is presented to the school will bring excellent results.

Co-operation between chorister and organist is essential if the best results are to be obtained. These two important officers of the Sunday School should decide together before-hand on all the music to be rendered during the session and should have a perfect understanding concerning tempo, marks of expression and other things that go to make the singing effective.

Co-operation between the superintendency and the musicians is sadly lacking in very many schools. The best results cannot be obtained until this co-operation is secured. The chorister and organist should freely consult with the superintendency and enlist their interest in the musical exercises. If music is to fulfill its mission in the Sunday School, order must be had during its rendition. And order cannot be obtained, especially during the rendition of the preliminary music, without the assistance of all the officers and teachers.

A definite time should be decided upon when the preliminary music is to commence. When this appointed time arrives the superintendency and all others who occupy the seats on the stand should quietly take their places, cease talking or whispering and teach order by example. The teachers take their places with their classes and encourage their pupils to listen to the music and to keep quiet. Those coming in late would most probably go to their seats as quietly as possible because they could not help but feel they were disturbing others by their tardiness. The organist, feeling that her effort was worth while would be encouraged to play good music, a spirit of quiet and peace would overshadow the school and the children and teachers would find themselves, at the conclusion of the preliminary music, ready to enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of the regular exercises.

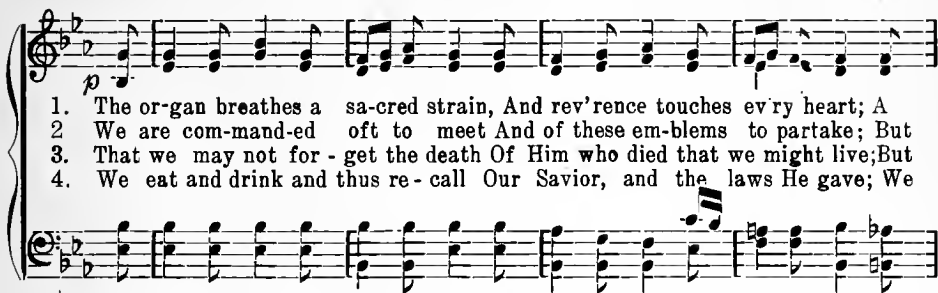
Sacramental Hymn

B. F. CUMMINGS,
Slowly.

EVAN STEPHENS.



Organ. p (Only before 1st verse.)



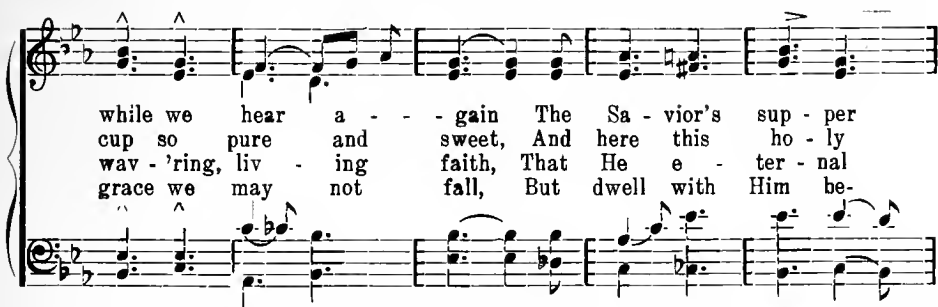
p

1. The or-gan breathes a sa-cred strain, And rev'ence touches ev'ry heart; A
2. We are com-mand-ed oft to meet And of these em-bles to partake; But
3. That we may not for-get the death Of Him who died that we might live; But
4. We eat and drink and thus re-call Our Savior, and the laws He gave; We



pp *Cres.*

sol - emn si - lence we main - tain, And lis - ten
why do we the bread thus eat, And drink the
cher - ish with our lat - est breath, A firm, un-
prom - ise thus to keep them all, That from His



while we hear a - - - gain The Sa - vior's sup - er
cup so pure and sweet, And here this ho - ly
wav - 'ring, liv - ing faith, That He e - ter - nal
grace we may not fall, But dwell with Him be -



Dim *Organ.*

set a - part,
off - 'ring make.
life will give.
yond the grave.

Parents' Department

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowans

WORK FOR JULY

Practical Patriotism—Let this be taken as the subject for Calendar Sunday, July 1, and let this keynote be followed up during the month in the various other lessons.

In suggesting this subject, the thought uppermost is this: Patriotism means something more than the waving of banners and the shouting of hurrah. Our country needs help right now—practical, close to the soil help. Every man, woman and child should enlist at once in some activity that will give definite service.

Discuss such questions as these:

1. Taking stock of our individual selves. Are we physically, mentally, morally prepared?

2. Producing for ourselves and others. What can each one best do to help?

3. Saving: What can be done to stop the waste and extravagance? Where shall we begin?

4. Lending a neighborly hand. What can be done to help our neighbors in their struggles?

These discussions should be made as definite and practical as possible. The central thought should be *unselfish service*.

For Regular Lessons

Lesson 1

"Man's Partnership With Nature"—A discussion of this timely subject will be found on page 133 of "Parent and Child," Vol. 3. Dr. John M. Tyler strikes here a most vital thought. Obey the laws of nature and you will succeed; disobey and you must fail.

The laws of nature are the laws of God. Obedience is nature's first law.

What is Happiness

Happiness is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within; it is the revelation of the depths of the inner life, as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the

Let the parents read carefully this masterly article, and discuss the lesson outline that follows it.

Lesson 2

Follow Lesson 1 with a discussion of such questions as these:

1. How can children be best trained to respect the laws of nature with regard (1) To eating; (2) To sleeping; (3) To keeping their bodies clean; (4) To playing?

2. Show how disobedience to nature's laws is sapping the strength of our nation.

3. What hurtful habits are most to blame in these matters? Name one.

4. Give three reasons why the "back to the soil" movement will be helpful in correcting many of the present day evils.

For Local Sunday

A subject has been proposed for all the Church which is most vital: How can the adolescent boy and girl best be held within the bounds of the Gospel? What practical influences can be brought to bear on our young people to keep them active in the work of the Lord? During the summer months especially is there a great falling off in attendance at Sunday School. How can this tendency towards Sabbath breaking be supplanted?

Let the stake and local supervisors work out a practical lesson that strikes at the heart of the difficulty. Invite the teachers of intermediate and theological classes that deal with this age to join in solving the problem.

Since the lessons for next month are to center on the subject of Adolescence, this prefatory lesson will be most appropriate as a soil-stirring for the seed.

stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness; it is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man *has*, he may be dependent on others; what he *is*, rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition; what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.—William George Jordan.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, chairman; Milton Bennion, John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

First Year—Lives of the Apostles

LESSONS FOR JULY

Text Book: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," by Edward H. Anderson.

First Sunday.

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Subject: "Loyalty" (See Superintendent's Department).

Second Sunday

Lesson 19. Expansion of the Church in Judea and Samaria

Third Sunday

Lesson 20. Expansion of the Church in Judea and Samaria (Continued)

Fourth Sunday.

Lessons on Pioneer Day, to be prepared by the teacher (See suggestions in Superintendent's Department).

Fifth Sunday

Lesson 21. Expansion of the Church in Judea and Samaria (Continued)

Third Year—Old Testament Studies

First Sunday

Uniform Fast Day lesson. Subject, Loyalty.

Second Sunday

Lesson 19. The Encampment at Mt. Sinai

I. After journeying three months the Children of Israel pitch their tents before Mt. Sinai.

- (a) God promises to make Israel a holy nation if it obey His voice.
- (b) Bounds set at the foot of the mountain.

II. God appears to Israel on Mt. Sinai.

- (a) The appearing of God in the smoke on the mountain.
- (b) God proclaims the ten commandments.

(c) People beg Moses to commune with God for they cannot live if He speak to them.

(d) The early law is given to Israel.

III. Moses communes with God forty days upon the Mount.

(a) Moses is commanded to build the tabernacle.

(b) Aaron and the Levites called to be priests. Ex. 28:36-43.

(c) The duties of the priests are outlined. Ex. 29:32.

(d) Israel forgets God and Moses and worships a golden calf. Ex. 30:6-8.

(e) Moses pleads with God to spare Israel.

(f) The breaking of the plates and Israel's punishment by Moses.

IV. The Lord no longer accompanies Israel in person. Ex. 33:23.

(a) The tabernacle removed to a distance.

(b) God shows his glory to Moses. Ex. 33:21-23.

Dr. Tanner's "Old Testament Studies," chapter 15.

Third Sunday

Lesson 20. The Worship in Ancient Israel

I. A tendency toward worldliness manifesting itself.

II. God provides a remarkable schooling for Israel.

(a) The place (before Sinai).

(b) The thunderings from Sinai.

(c) The Tabernacle (a huge tent).

(d) The Holy of Holies ("the sanctum sanctorum").

(e) The Holy place.

III. The position and function of the Levites.

IV. The High Priest.

V. Priests.

Dr. Tanner's "Old Testament Studies," Chapter 16.

Ex. 34-40; Lev. 1-16.

Fourth Sunday

Pioneer Day Topics.

Fifth Sunday

Lesson 21. Worship in Ancient Israel (continued)

I. Sacrifices.

(a) Method of sacrifice.

- (b) Kind of sacrifices.
- (c) Incense offerings.
- (d) Table of shew-bread.
- (e) The golden candlestick.

II. History of Sacrifices.

III. Religious Practices.

- (a) Feast of the moon.
- (b) The Sabbatical month.
- (c) The Sabbatical year.
- (d) Sabbatical jubilee.

Dr. Tanner's "Old Testament Studies," chapters 17 and 18.

Second Intermediate Department

Harold G. Reynolds, chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion

First Year—Church History

[Prepared by Nephi Anderson]

LESSONS FOR JULY

First Sunday

Uniform lesosn. Subject: "Loyalty."

Second Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter XIX.

Teachers' Texts: The pupils' texts in the lessons for this month are full enough for a fairly good understanding of the subject matter under study and discussion. The teacher should read carefully the pupils' text first, then add to his knowledge by reading from the "History of the Church," Vol. III. If possible every teacher should read the "Introduction to Volume III" of the "History of the Church" as therein is given in detail the causes which led to the persecution of the Saints and their expulsion from Missouri. Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism" pages 253-262 may also be read.

Third Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter XX.

Teachers' Texts: Besides the smaller history, accounts of the Haun's Mill Massacre may be found in Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 266-268; "History of the Church," Vol. III, pages 183-187. An extended account of this sad incident is found in Jenson's "Historical Record," page 671. Mrs. Amanda Smith has written a detailed personal account of her experience at Haun's Mill. It is a faith-promoting narrative and would be of great interest to the class. It is found in Tullidges' "Women of Mormondom" and in Jenson's L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. II, page 792.

Fourth Sunday

Lesson on Pioneer Day.

Fifth Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter XXI.

Teachers' Texts: The same as the pupils' text. In addition, Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 276-283; "History of the Church," Vol. III, Chapters XII and XIII. Let the teacher become familiar with the topics outlined in the pupils' text. Let her read the "Questions and Review" at the end of the lesson and test herself if she can answer them intelligently.

Third Year—"What it Means to be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR JULY

First Sunday

This day offers an excellent opportunity for a lesson on patriotism

Second Sunday

Chapter 18. "What it Means to be a Mormon"

Third Sunday

Chapter 19. "What it Means to be a Mormon"

Fourth Sunday

Arrange a special program in commemoration of the entrance of the Pioneers into the valley.

Fifth Sunday

Chapter 20. "What it Means to be a Mormon"

Fostering a Spirit of Reverence

The question has been asked frequently of late, "How can we develop a greater spirit of reverence on the part of sec-

and intermediate boys and girls?" Space will not permit of a full discussion of the subject, but perhaps the following suggestions will furnish material for consideration.

1. Help promote a campaign for beautifying and making sacred the ward meetinghouse.

2. Let your campaign include the Church yard as well. The problem before us is really bigger than a class affair—every organization in the Church ought to be glad to join in it.

3. Interest your class in beautifying "their classroom." Let them furnish a picture, a blackboard, a map, a desk, a rug, a chair, or something else worth

while which will give them a pride in their room.

4. Beginning the recitation with prayer may prove a very great help.

5. When opportunity affords, discuss with your pupils inspirationally the value of respect for sacred things. Hitting the iron when it is hot is better than ever so much pounding on it when it is cold.

6. You may have occasionally to "shock" some boys and girls into thoughtfulness.

Combine these and all other possible agencies in an effort to impress upon young minds that if we would draw near to our Heavenly Father we can do so only in reverence and humility.

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR JULY

Lesson 19. The Story of Aaron

Text: Book of Mosiah, Chap. 27; Verses 34-37. Alma Chaps. 21 to 26, "Juvenile," Vol. 50, page 311.

Lesson setting: Zarahemla and surrounding country

Truth to be taught: The Gospel of peace is for man's salvation.

Point of contact: Tell of a home where the Gospel is lived. Describe it. How is peace maintained in that home? What do you think is the work of the children there? Tell of some of the principles of the Gospel that should be practiced in a home.

I. Aaron and his brethren chosen for a great work.

II. Preach Gospel in the cities.

1. Events in the Land of Mid-doni.

III. Their work in the Land of Nephi.

IV. Aaron and his brethren find greater joy in their missionary work than in an earlier life of disobedience.

Illustration: What the Gospel has done for hundreds of emigrant families. Imagine the trouble they would be in now if they had not accepted the Gospel and come to Zion. What is the meaning of temporal salvation?

Application: What is the Gospel? How can a child practice some of the principles? Does a child have to do anything himself to be saved? We can preach it in our work, by doing it faithfully; in our conversation by using

proper language; on the street by acting properly; in our school work by studying earnestly; among older persons, specially the aged, by being courteous and considerate. Living the Gospel is living a practical life.

Lesson 20. The Story of Corianton

Text: Alma 1 to 35 and 39 and 40. "Juvenile," Vol. 50, page 312. Also Reynolds' Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

Lesson setting: Most of his work was done in the Land of Zoramites just east of Sidon River.

Truth to be taught: Our actions have a strong influence over others. Live good lives. Sorrow and repentance will not have to follow.

Point of contact: Convey the thought in an appropriate story, that the younger child usually tries to copy after the older one. We are all copyists more or less.

I. Corianton with his father and others on missionary work.

1. Among the Zoramites.

2. Corianton's wayward course.

3. Questions some of the doctrines taught by father.

4. The effect it had on the people.

II. The father, Alma, prays for his son.

1. The son's repentance.

III. Alma's beautiful counsel and teachings. (Chaps. 39 and 40.)

Illustration: Luke 15. The Prodigal Son's repentance and sorrow. Contrast Nephi's life of love and devotion.

Application. If a child have a younger brother and sister, in what way should he influence their lives?

Discuss the example set in boisterous conduct and loud talking in the house of the Lord.

Discuss example set in drinking tea and coffee. In kind acts toward the aged. In acts of kindness to the animals, birds and insects.

Lesson 21. Story of Korihor, the Anti-Christ

Text: Alma 30. Also Reynold's Dictionary.

Lesson setting: Korihor's work was in the Land Zarahemla and surrounding lands.

Truth to be taught: All creation gives evidence that there is a God. The Father and Son have revealed themselves in this age.

Point of contact: The bird is the creator of the nest. The bee of the cells in the hive for the honey. The ant of his home in the ground. The wasp of his nest that hangs to the limb of the tree. These things would not exist without a creator. The earth and all upon it would not exist without its great Creator. It did not come by chance.

I. Korihor appears in the Land of Zarahemla.

1. His work and teachings.

II. His work in and banishment from Land of Jershon.

III. He is taken before Alma.

1. Their conversation regarding the Creator.

2. Korihor asks for a sign and is stricken blind.

IV. God's love shown in blessings that come to all people.

1. The heavens, earth, birds, flowers, insects and most of all, the human body and its workings, all reveal the existence of God.

2. Joseph's vision of the Father and Son.

Illustration: Genesis 18: 32:30; 35:13; 24:10, 11, 12; 33:11; Doc. and Cov., sec. 110.

Application: James 1:5, 6. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed."

"God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted man and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret. If the veil was rent today, and the great God who holds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and all things by his power, was to make

himself visible,—I say if you were to see him today, you would see him like a man in form—like yourselves in all the person, image, and very form like a man: for Adam was created in the very fashion, image and likeness of God, and received instruction from, and walked, talked, and conversed with him, as one man talks and communes with another."—"History of Joseph Smith," April 7, 1844.

Third Year—The Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR JULY

[Suggestions by George M. Cannon]

First Sunday

Uniform Fast Day exercises. Subject, Loyalty.

In addition it is desired that we present two chapters from our text book, so as to bring out the exact number in the book by the end of the year. These chapters are 35—"Five Thousand Guests," and 36—"Walking on the Sea."

For Bible references for these incidents see John 6:1-14; Luke 9:10-17; Matt. 14:13-21; also Matt. 14:22, 23.

Second Sunday

Chapter 3d—"Christ the Bread of Life. A Heathen's Faith. At His feet."

See also John 6:22-71.

Verses that are of much importance and may well be memorized by pupils are 27, 35, 37, 38 and 47.

Chapter 38—"The Deaf Made to Hear and the Blind to See." See also Mark 7:32-37; 8:22-26.

Third Sunday

Chapter 39—Four Thousand Guests. "Thou Art the Christ." Read also the eighth chapter of Mark.

Chapter 40—The Transfiguration. Lunatic Boy Healed. See Mark 9.

Fourth Sunday

Uniform lesson. Subject, Pioneer Day.

Fifth Sunday

Chapter 41—Capernaum. See Mark 9: 35-50.

Chapter 42—The Home in Bethany. See Luke 10:38-42.

In nearly every Latter-day Saint home, Talmage's book "Jesus the Christ" is available. Teachers may find much help in understanding the lessons in this year's course by turning to Dr. Talmage's book and reading his very vivid description of the various incidents in the life of our Savior.

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

LESSONS FOR JULY

First Sunday

The general Fast Day subject this month is "Loyalty." We suggest that if you are not behind in your lessons, the class period be taken up with this subject—particularly the thought that we should love our country because God has chosen and prepared it for the establishment of His work on earth.

Patriotic songs may be sung. A song particularly appropriate for this thought may be found in the August, 1916, "Juvenile," entitled, "We Thank Thee, Heavenly Father."

Show a flag. Talk about its meaning.

Suggested memory gem—"Loyalty to duty is the way to glory."

The talk may be developed along this line. Hundreds of years ago the people on the other side of the world,—in England, Germany, Spain, etc.,—did not even know there was a land now called America. Our Heavenly Father blessed a man named Christopher Columbus. He had new ideas about the earth. He thought it was round instead of flat, as others believed. He tried very hard to get kings and queens to give him money and ships to prove that he was right. At last he succeeded and started across the big ocean. After sailing a long, long time, he came to a new land—a big, beautiful, glorious land. This one was choice above all other lands, for God wanted His people in the latter days to live on it. He and His Son Jesus were, some day, going to visit it. Some time there was going to be a temple built that Jesus would come to. It was the land we love best in the whole world. What was it?

A long time after Columbus discovered America some good people came and settled way over on the eastern side of the United States. They had to obey the King of England. After a while they wanted to be free and also they wanted to worship God the way they thought was right. So they went to war. Our Heavenly Father helped them because He wanted this land to have liberty, where good people could come from all over the earth and worship Him as they wished and not as some king commanded. They were very brave and went out to fight a much larger nation than theirs. They believed "Loyalty to duty is the way to glory." This loyal people won, and named the free new nation

"United States of America." They made laws. Our Heavenly Father inspired the men who made the laws so they were good ones.

The nation grew. Finally it was time for the Lord's work to be revealed and our Heavenly Father and Jesus visited Joseph Smith and told him about establishing the true Church. What Church is it? Many people believed and were baptized. These were some of the best people who lived on the earth. There were some people in the United States who listened to the wicked spirit. These did not want the true Church to grow so they were very cruel to the Saints. The Saints decided to leave these wicked people and come to the mountains where they would be safe. These were the Pioneers who settled Utah. (Teacher may tell whatever she deems necessary about the Pioneers as time permits.) Missionaries have gone out and good people from all over the earth have come to America and joined the true Church, just as our Heavenly Father wanted. Still more wonderful things are going to happen some day on this land.

What nation do you love best? Why?

How can we show that we love it?

Boys who are not old enough to fight can also be loyal. How?

What people that we have been talking about today were loyal to the United States?

What people were loyal to our Heavenly Father? How did they show it?

How can we be loyal to our Heavenly Father?

Second Sunday

Lesson 25. Respect for the Lord's Anointed

Text: I Samuel 21, 22, 23 and 24.

Reference: "Stories from the Old Testament," page 165.

Aim: The Lord blesses those who return good for evil.

Memory Gem: "Thou art more righteous than I; for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I rewarded thee evil."

Third Sunday

Lesson 26. A Wise King

Text: I Kings 3; 2 Chronicles 9.

Reference: "Our book," page 169.
us show our appreciation of our bodies by keeping them clean and well clothed.

Aim: The desire for wisdom is pleasing to the Lord.

Memory Gem: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him."

As a preview for next Sunday's lesson, the children might be asked to bring pictures of the Salt Lake Temple.

Fourth Sunday

Lesson 27. God's House

Text: 1 Kings 6; 2 Chronicles 3-7.

Reference: "Our book," page 176.

Aim: If we have proper reverence for the Lord, we will show reverence for His houses of worship.

Memory Gem: "My house shall be called a House of Prayer."

Part of the time should be devoted to the Pioneers. This could be done after giving the work on Solomon's Temple, and as an introduction to the Salt Lake Temple. Review the work relating to the Pioneers as given the first Sunday in

July. These are a few suggestive questions: Who were the Pioneers? How did they show their loyalty to our Heavenly Father? Why did they come to Utah? Why was it a hard trip? What kind of a place do you think they found? They entered Salt Lake Valley just seventy years ago July 24th.

Although they had no houses built, one of the first things they thought of was selecting a place for God's house to be. Then continue the lesson on the Salt Lake Temple.

Fifth Sunday

Lesson 28. The Great Drought

Text: 1 Kings 16:29-33; 17:1-6; 18th Chapter.

Reference: "Our book," page 182.

Aim: A departure from the true faith forfeits the blessings of heaven.

Memory Gem: "Thou shalt worship the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley and Kate McAllister

LESSONS FOR JULY

First Sunday

"The Red, White and Blue." Story found on page 50, "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," first year.

Aim: Loyalty to what our flag stands for helps us to become better citizens.

Second Sunday

The Children of Israel in the Wilderness.

Text: Exodus 16:2-31.

Aim: God wishes His children to keep the Sabbath day holy.

Third Sunday

Review or retell previous lesson.

Fourth Sunday

A Pioneer story, page 56, in "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," first year.

Fifth Sunday

If possible visit a pioneer living in your ward.

Extracts from Papers Written for Our Last Convention (continued)

Influence of a teacher upon the child.

Many times have I heard such statements as these expressed on the return

of children from their Sunday Schools: "Mama, we had the best Sunday School today. Our teachers were so good and they had so many good things to tell us." "My teacher saw me last Friday carrying a parcel for an old lady, and she told a story about it this morning." "I just love my teachers. They always have a smile for me wherever they meet me." "My teacher had such a pretty suit on this morning." "Our room looked so pretty." "Mama, our teachers are good people for they say Jesus loves good people and they are good to us." Teachers, perhaps many of these statements, as well as many others, were expressed to you before those precious children ever left Sunday School. Are we all worthy such childlike confidence? For where do we find such faith, so simple, yet so true, as a child has for a teacher?

I hope we so conduct ourselves that our lights are always on the path all of our pupils are treading, beckoning them on to the end in that purity and innocence that Christ referred to whenever he used "Little Children" as His examples.

Have you ever noticed what a great calamity befalls a child whose faith in one he loves and trusts is shattered? Oh! how necessary it is that we at all times

so order our lives that each child thinks them worthy examples for him.

Barbara Maughan, Cache Stake.

In the class room, or anywhere for that matter, the teacher should treat the children as she would have them treat her. It is every bit as important for us to say "please" and "thank you" or "excuse me" to a little child as it is to an older person. In fact, it seems to me more important, because the little child has everything to learn, and if we remember always to be polite and considerate to them we influence them to be the same to us and to others. We all know the kindergarten age is the most impressionable age of the child, and it is important for us to cultivate a pleasing personality. You know yourselves, when you meet a person who is pleasant and cheerful it influences you to feel the same way, while a gloomy, despondent person influences you in just the opposite way. The way in which we speak to the child and the tone of our voices also influences them. Harsh tones and sharp commands are out of place in the kindergarten and entirely unnecessary.

Keren Skidmore. Ensign Stake.

The child is in sympathy with all his surroundings. He is in sympathy with those who are afflicted, the aged, and sad. It is the teacher's part to stimulate this sympathy by speaking kindly and gently to and of those in authority, also those advanced in years, by showing courtesy to those who are afflicted, and sending tokens or messages of love to those who are absent. Be a child with the child, a boy with the boy, and yet we must lead and not follow.

We must set our aim high and try to reach that aim. Let us see in the boys and girls of today the men and women of tomorrow. I remember hearing Brother Morton say: "When you look at the little ones Sunday morning, what do you see? Just little bits of humanity five years of age? If that's all you see, you don't see much, but if you will look closely, I will tell you what you will see—you will see in those little children the offspring of God, created in the image of God, their ultimate destiny to be Gods. I see vacancies in the Church by the thousand. Who are going to fill those vacancies? Why, the boys and girls that you and I are teaching today." The work of the Sunday School teacher, then, is to prepare these children for a life of service to our heavenly Father and to their fellowmen.

The teacher must be at her best Sun-

day morning, for every little eye is upon her, literally dissecting her, as to the smallest detail: her dress, her hair, every fleeting expression of her face, nothing is lost on them—they invariably look to her and imitate her actions.

The first requirement for reaching and influencing the souls of the children is that the teacher must be what she wishes her pupils to become—no one is quicker to detect a lack of sincerity. We must live so that there will be no question as to the sincerity of our teaching.

The daily life of the teacher speaks through her tenets, reaches out and influences her teachings, when she is unconscious of it. The child may not remember what we say, but our voice, our manner and thought they will understand and feel.

It is useless to try to lead the child along one path, while we walk another. His spirit will unconsciously re-echo. Emerson thought, "How can I hear what you say when what you are is thundering in my ear?"

Let us not become discouraged, when we realize the constant effort we must put forth to become the teachers we would like to be, but let us thank our heavenly Father that He has deemed us worthy to be called to this sacred position. We pray, too, that He will help us to be in every deed, fit examples for little children.

Hazel Berrett, Ogden Stake.

In order to keep the children's faith so that we can help them to live pure lives and to guide them in doing good deeds, we must be very careful. We must always try to do the things which show we are worthy of helping in the wonderful work of teaching God's children. We must be especially careful about our personal appearance. By our dress we must show modesty, neatness and cleanliness. The character of a young lady can more plainly be seen by dress than by most any other way. If she is dressed in a neat, clean dress, which has been made as a real covering or protection to her body, as all dresses should be made, we know that she holds her body as a sacred gift. Do not the children know that their bodies are gifts from God and should be clothed and protected? Then what would they think if they saw their teacher in a hall room, or on the street, or should meet her at Sunday School in a dress which did not serve this purpose? Could we give to them the inspirations we should give them if we were thus clothed? So let us not think more of the fashions of today than we do of our own virtue. Let

Another thing we ought to be careful about, and especially as we have been chosen to be leaders of the little folks of our Church, is the manner in which we carry ourselves on the street, at dances, and places of worship. We must remember that at any time, some of our children are apt to be watching us, expecting us to do those things which are right. Then what might happen if a child sees us doing what we ought not? Suppose

the kindergarten teacher gave a lesson showing how helpful Jesus was and how we ought to all try to be likewise, and then on her way home had an opportunity to help some one in need but refused, and let that golden opportunity pass her by. If some of her children saw this, do you think the lesson would be as effective as if she had assisted in the time of need?

Ora Holman, Alpine Stake.

What Livestock on the Farm May Teach Man

By Dr. J. M. Tanner

It is a mistake to imagine that our real or only teachers are human beings, mostly found in the school-room. Did you ever get acquainted with a high class horseman, a man who might be called a successful horse breeder or horse trainer, a man who owned horses and truly loved his possessions? Did you ever meet a man who had an eye for all that was beautiful and attractive in horse flesh? If so, you have found a man with ready wits, balanced judgment and painstaking in his attention to details. Where did he get his nimble wits, his balanced judgment, his accuracy, his sense of appreciation in the beauties of form? He got them from the horse whose symmetrical proportions he first noticed, then admired, then loved. Love, I have said heretofore, is a foundation from which success springs. A man with a great heart learns more readily than a man with a small one. What does it mean to be called a lover of fine horses? It means that the horse has something about it that begets love, that fixes the attention, that absorbs thought and begets reflection.

There is really something in silent communion that makes for intellectual progress and happiness. In the animal life that silent communion abounds. The horse, the cow, the sheep may be a silent companion to man. Silence helps reflection. Reflection promotes judgment, and judgment, after all, is a distinct quality of learning. Animals, then, are more

than an asset—money equivalent—on a farm. They are teachers and companions.

A social life which leaves out the companionship and interests of the animal and vegetable world is one-sided and robs man of much that makes for what is best and truest in life. You may love a horse, but does the horse love you? If he does not, your love for him has not been intelligently directed. Finally, there is in the animal and vegetable world, more especially in the animal world, something so near akin to the habits, traits, eccentricities, peculiarities and instincts of man as to teach man those qualities of life that can be most perfectly seen in the lower forms of life. After all, as we travel along the road back to our Maker, we must pass through His creations to a fuller knowledge of Him and His glory, a knowledge that can be more fully enjoyed by our familiarity with His creations.

Mingling with live stock on the farm gives to man the power of patience, a power by which man's success in the various vocations of life is frequently measured. It is sometimes said that there are certain problems of life that only time and patience can solve. Certain it is, a man cannot be successful in raising any class of live stock who has not an almost unbounded patience in dealing with them. Indeed, it is an important factor in social intercourse, in public life, and in family discipline.

Notes on Our History

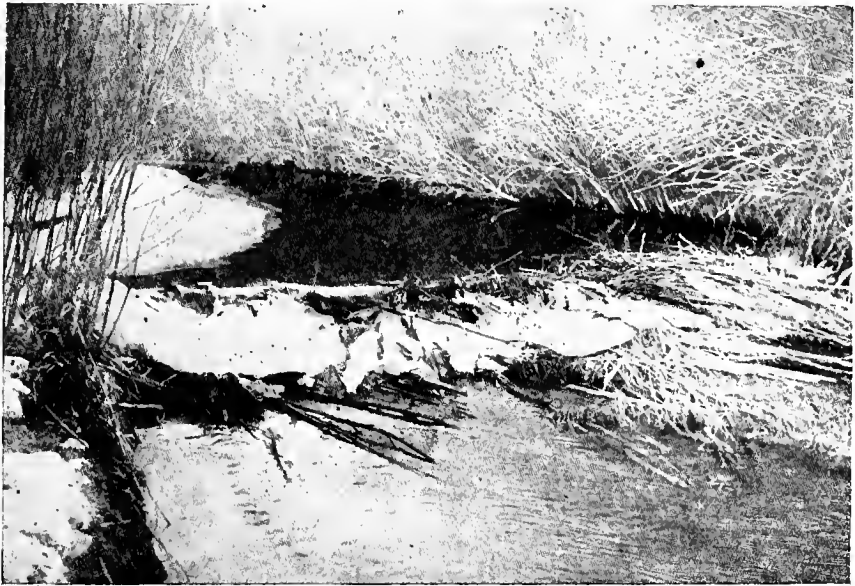
By Delbert W. Parratt, Secretary Utah State Historical Society

XL

TO THE NORTH SEA

Henry Hudson discovered the great bay bearing his name in 1610-11. He was then sailing under British colors in an endeavor to find a cut-off route north of "the barrier" to coveted riches of China and Japan. Of course he failed in this, but in the effort found extensive stretches of land and

terious string of lakes leading to some distant westward sea across which the French hoped to reach eastern Asia. Mixed with these alluring accounts were equally vague stories pertaining to a sea somewhere in the north. We have already, in a brief way, followed Champlain, Brule, Nicolet, and Radisson in their daring efforts to find the Western Sea, and now it will be our pleasure to trace the last named ex-



BEAVER DAM

In winter the furs are at their best.

water never before seen by white man. By right of discovery, therefore, these primeval stretches, including Hudson Bay and adjoining territory, fell into British possession. From that early date down to the present, they have continued a part of this great seafaring nation.

At the time Hudson was making this famous discovery, Champlain and others along the St. Lawrence, were gleaning vague but interesting accounts from natives relative to a mys-

plorer in his interesting journey to the Sea of the North.

In the year 1660, Radisson and his brother-in-law returned to their homes at Three Rivers. We recall they had been on extended journeys which led them into remote western regions peopled by natives who used coal for fuel. Enroute home, the haggard explorers pitched their lonely winter camp near Lake Superior. Here they fell in with hospitable Cree Indians who habitually hunted the more northern wilderness

for furs to meet the tempting offers made by French traders along the far-away St. Lawrence. Radisson, with eager attention, listened to accounts regarding these prolific fur fields and finally arranged to have a band of the savages accompany him to them. Their objective was the mysterious North Sea with which these willing natives seemed to be quite familiar. We remember how melting snow impeded their way and how they prematurely gave up the trip and returned in order to make an early start for distant trading posts along the St. Lawrence.

The two dauntless voyagers did not reach the North Sea, but they were not the sort of men to surrender such a promising task after only one attempt. At Three Rivers, they began immediate plans to try again. Both felt certain of success and both were jealously keeping their plans a profound secret. "We," writes Radisson, "considered whether to reveal what we

special permission. However, when preparations were secretly completed and opportunity came, the two daring voyagers, in defiance of D'Argenson's threatening decree, stealthily left the guarded fort under cover of darkness and hastily made along well known streams and over oft-used portages to the western wilderness.

Enroute they joined a band of friendly Upper Country Indians making toward their distant homes. After trying experiences with hostile Iroquois, the party finally, in the glowing month of November, reached the western end of Lake Superior. By pulling up one of the tree-lined tributary streams, the travelers came to an encampment of Crees who offered to guide their "white brothers" further inland and even across to the North Sea.

But conditions were against the journey just then. Thin ice was spreading over streams making rowing very difficult and the early snow was not sufficient for snowshoes. The Frenchmen, therefore, persuaded the Red Men to go to their families and hunting grounds, leaving the two white explorers to spend the winter in isolation by themselves.

Naturally, under these conditions, the Frenchmen turned immediate attention toward building a suitable shelter in which to spend the oncoming winter. Knowing the dangers besetting their lonely habitation, the daring explorers made it into a sort of fort as a protection against wild animals and wandering savages. The structure, triangular in shape, was a crude affair made of unbarked logs, willows, grass, and mud. Bare ground served as a floor, in the middle of which the occupants built their fire. On one side of the room was the make-shift bed of pine boughs and on the other stood the table of roughly hewn logs. The walls of course, were hung with clothing, firearms, and a goodly supply of attractive trinkets.

"This fort," writes Mr. A. C. Laut,



A BEAVER

Thousands have been slaughtered for the rich furs.

had learned, for we had not been to the Sea of the North, knowing only what the Crees told us. We wished to discover it ourselves before revealing anything."

But in some manner, perhaps from the Indians, the secret became public and a new expedition under the patronage of Governor D'Argenson was fitted out to make the discovery. Radisson was invited to go along as guide, but he haughtily refused. Thereupon the irate governor issued an order prohibiting both Radisson and Groseillers from leaving Three Rivers without

"was the first habitation of civilization in all the Great Northwest. Not the railway, not the cattle trail, not the path of forward-marching empire purposely hewing a way through the wilderness, opened the West. It was the fur trade that found the West. It was the fur trade that explored the West. It was the fur trade that wrested the West from savagery. The beginning was in the little fort built by Radisson and Groseillers. No great factor in human progress ever had a more insignificant beginning."

Before any signs of spring, a band of some four hundred joyous Crees had assembled at this little pioneer fort. In accordance with previous arrangement, they had come to escort the explorers to the wooded lakes of Manitoba and thence on to the mysterious North Sea. "We went away," says Radisson, "free from any burden, while those poor miserables thought themselves happy to carry our equipment in the hope of getting a brass ring, or an awl, or a needle. * * * * They made a great noise, calling us gods and devils. We marched four days through the woods. The country was beautiful with clear parks. At last we came to within a league of the Cree cabins, where we might spend the night that we might enter the encampment with pomp the next day. The swiftest Indians ran ahead to warn the people of our coming."

During cold winter months the Crees were wont to scatter throughout their hunting grounds. By this custom they hoped to prevent famine and at the same time bring themselves into closer touch with animals having rich winter furs so profitable for trade. When Radisson and Groseillers entered the encampment the scattered natives were assembling to this common rendezvous. Nigh on sixteen hundred men, women, and children had already gathered and these were the ones who welcomed the two strangers.

They prepared the most elaborate feast at their command, but this was

far below what the poor natives would liked to have given. The winter had been unusually severe. Trapping was unsuccessful and food very scarce. Day by day more starving Indians came into camp. The food supply was



A SIOUX CHIEF

readily consumed and before long famine set in with horrible severity. Fully five hundred succumbed to its ravages. Radisson and Groseillers were so reduced that they could scarce-

ly drag the dead from the wigwams.

The Sioux Indians, residing further south, had heard that the Frenchmen were with the Crees and planned on inducing the explorers to visit the more southern territory. It should be understood that these two tribes made war on each other and that the one having the "men with firearms" on its side felt sure of victory attending its battles. Both, therefore, were anxious to enlist the sympathies of the French. It is not surprising, then, to learn that as soon as the long, hard winter yielded to welcomed thaws of spring, the Sioux had messengers on the way northward with pressing invitations for Radisson and Groseillers to visit the southern warriors.

After due persuasion the white men accepted the invitation and shortly afterward a band of highly dressed braves came to accompany them to the Sioux villages. For six weeks the guests were royally treated to feasts and buffalo hunts. From the Indians Radisson and companion secured a heavy supply of furs after which they headed for their little fort near Lake Superior.

Here they cached their furs and unearthed a new supply of trinkets with which to purchase additional pelts. Knowing the Crees were about to move into the regions of the North Sea, the explorers resolved to push on and join them in the undertaking. Radisson had received a severe sprain while crossing treacherous ice on coming from the Sioux country, but in spite of this hobbled and rowed along with the north-bound party, pushing farther and farther toward the Sea. Over portages, across lakes, and along streams they traveled for days and days. At times they were in grave danger from floating ice, especially as they rowed down streams flowing to the north.

At last, they glided out upon the mysterious North Sea. Hudson had discovered it a little more than half a

century before. Since then British traders had operated along its shore. Radisson soon found one of their deserted houses "all demolished and battered with bullets." The entire summer was spent by the two Frenchmen visiting places of interest and learning what they could of the country. "This region," writes Radisson, "had a great store of cows (caribou) * * * * We went further to see the place that the Indians were to pass the summer. * * * The people here burn not their prisoners, but knock them on the head. * * * They find green stones (Labradorite), very fine, at the same Bay of the Sea. * * * We went up another river to the Upper Lake (Winnipeg)."

The spring of 1663 found the experienced explorers once more at their "headquarters" near Lake Superior digging out the cache of furs and adding them to the valuable purchases made in the northern country. Some three hundred native trappers in about half that many canoes helped transport the prized cargoes over lake and along stream to far-away Quebec. Enroute they halted at Montreal and were greeted with open gates and joyous welcome. But not so at Quebec. D'Argenson, the fiery governor, immediately wreaked vengeance upon the successful discoverers and traders. Groseillers was imprisoned and Radisson made an outcast. Their fortune of beaver pelts, amounting to \$300,000 in modern money, was practically all confiscated to pay regular taxes and special penalties.

Public sentiment was so aroused against the governor for this unfair performance, that before long he felt compelled to release Groseillers from prison and restore nearly \$20,000 to the hardy voyagers. This, of course, did not satisfy them. Groseillers made forthwith to France to demand restitution. But after spending a large sum in futile attempts, he returned in disappointment to Three Rivers.



Glad Tidings

By Minnie Iverson-Hodapp

V

THE RIGHT TO BAPTIZE

"From the books of revelation
We are taught while yet in youth;
Words of heavenly inspiration
Guide us in the path of truth."

When our Savior dwelt upon the earth, there was also a man named John the Baptist who baptized many hundreds of persons in the River Jordan, and they called this man John the Baptist. This same John, we are told, was a very good man, and the power of God was with him for he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his very infancy.

Even our Savior came to be baptized of him. To Him, John said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?"

Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

Then John baptized Him.

John, the Baptist, had the right to baptize, else the Savior would not have come to him. He was thus honored and sustained in his great calling.

We shall now see how our beloved Prophet, Joseph Smith, came to hold the right to baptize in this age of the world.

On the fifteenth day of May, 1829, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery went into the woods and prayed for enlightenment on the principle of baptism. When they had finished their humble prayer, a glorious, immortal

messenger stood before them. He declared himself to be John the Baptist—the very same John who had baptized our Savior when He was upon the earth. He told Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery that he held the keys of the authority to baptize. Then he placed his hands upon their heads and conferred upon them the power called Aaronic Priesthood. These are his words:

"Upon you my fellow servants in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."

After John the baptist had departed, Joseph baptized Oliver and then Oliver baptized Joseph. They were filled with the spirit of prophecy and great rejoicing.

They had received by the hand of John the Baptist the first grade of the Priesthood often known as the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood. To the Aaronic Priesthood belongs the right to baptize, but not the authority of laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

In May, 1829, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were the only two persons on earth of whom we have any record, holding the power of Priesthood. When the proper occasion arrived they conferred the power upon others. These, in turn, and under proper direction, conferred it upon others of the brethren. Today there

are thousands and thousands of good men in our Church who hold the Priesthood.

Finding the Liahona

By Wm. A. Morton

(See Frontispiece)

From the beginning of the world unto the present time the Lord has shown His willingness to lead and guide His children in the way they should go. It is not His will that any of us should wander about in darkness, or go off into by and forbidden paths and get lost. When the children of Israel emerged from Egyptian bondage and started on their way to the promised land, they needed a guide, for they knew not the way in which they should travel. The Lord came to their assistance. He went before them, not in person, but "by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light." On one occasion, when Moses had entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar by which the children of Israel were being led in the daytime descended in front of the tabernacle door. In the midst of the pillar stood the Lord, and we are told that "the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Yet notwithstanding all these and many other glorious manifestations of His love and power, the children of Israel forsook the Lord, fell into sin and idolatry, in consequence of which they were kept forty years in the wilderness.

We are told in the Book of Ether how the Lord guided the Jaredites across the great waters to this "choice land above all other lands." He instructed them to build eight barges, which they did; but when the vessels were finished it was found that there was no light for them. The brother of Jared betook himself to a high mountain, and there he prayed to the Lord that he might know how to obtain light for the barges. He was

prompted to go to a certain rock and extract from it sixteen small stones. This he did. Then he went up into a mountain and prayed in great faith that the Lord would touch the stones with His finger, so that they might become luminous. In answer to the prayer of the brother of Jared the Lord put forth His finger and touched the stones, one by one, and when He had done so they became like unto transparent glass. The stones were placed in the vessels, fore and aft, and by their light the Jaredites crossed the ocean in safety. They established themselves in this land, and became a great and mighty nation. But in the course of time they turned from the Lord, who had been their life and light; they gave themselves over to all manner of iniquity, and finally went down to destruction in a terrible war which they waged among themselves. Their destruction took place about the time the Nephites reached this land 500 B. C.

Let us now turn our attention to the Nephites. After Lehi and his followers had been in the valley of Lemuel a certain length of time, the voice of the Lord came unto Lehi commanding him to resume his journey on the morrow. The next morning when Lehi came out of his tent he was surprised to see, lying on the ground, close by, a round ball of curious workmanship. It was made of fine brass, and within it were two spindles, one of which pointed the way in which the company should travel. Lehi called his people together, as you will see by the illustration, and showed them the strange instrument which the Lord had prepared to guide them, even as He had prepared the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud to guide the children of Israel. It has been truthfully said, "The Lord helps those who help themselves." So it was with the people of Lehi. While the Lord had prepared the Liahona to guide them through the wilderness, they were required to do their part. They were

required to exercise faith and diligence, and when they failed to do so then the spindle in the brass ball failed to point the way, and the people were unable to determine which way they should go. Many people have wondered why Lehi and his people were kept eight long years in the wilderness. It was because the Liahona often failed to work, and the reason

why the Liahona often failed to work was because the people were often slothful and indifferent and failed to exercise faith and diligence. While the people were faithful and diligent they were guided by the brass ball; when they became careless and indifferent they failed to make progress. We can all learn a very profitable lesson from the Liahona.



By Averic Standish Francis

Tartar was a cow. Tartar had been the prettiest calf in the farm-yard, white and dark red, with a coat that shone like silk. But Tartar had not been a pleasant calf, for she only cared to please herself, and when she could not manage to get just what she wanted, she grew very cross. She was always quite sure that she was right and that everyone else was wrong, and when matters were not to her mind, she would toss her head angrily and try to butt everything that came in her way.

This did not matter much when Tartar was a calf and had no horns, but as she grew up to be a cow, it mattered very much indeed. For horns are dangerous weapons when they belong to a cross cow, and this very pretty calf had turned into such a cross cow that the children had to give up petting her; an instead of being called

"dear little Bossie," she was called "that old Tartar of a cow" until Tartar came to be her name.

This is what Tartar would do. When John, the man who took care of the cows, was driving them to pasture or home again, Tartar would feel inclined to graze by the way and would begin to lag behind. "Go on, Tartar, go on!" John would say; and then the cow would give her horns an angry shake and stand stock-still. At last, whack! John's stick would come on the silken flanks, and down would go Tartar's head and she would make a dash at John with her horns. John was quick and would jump aside, but one day Tartar was quicker still and one of her sharp horns tore a long slit in John's trousers and scraped his leg.

So that night when Tartar was in her stall, she suddenly found her head held fast in a sort of yoke, so that she

could move in neither to the right nor the left; and then John, with a sharp saw, cut off the points of her beautiful curving horns, and covered the ends with blunt metal tips so that she could never again stick them into anything.

Tartar was ashamed of her horns, and for some days she walked along before John meekly enough. But in the pasture she felt crosser than ever, and was so disagreeable to the other cows that they all moved away and left her to graze by herself. And this made her unhappy, and though it was every bit her own fault, she said to herself, "All these cows are just hateful. I wish I could go away from them. I think I will get out of this pasture and find a pleasanter place. I wonder if I can't knock down this fence—I don't like fences anyway."

So Tartar began to twist and push the rails until down one came, and at once she scrambled over the lower one and walked off along the road.

Tartar knew that she was doing wrong but that only made her feel crosser than ever, and she kept thinking, "I don't care! I don't care! I hate that old John and I hate those disagreeable cows, and I'll just go where I please, and knock down everything that gets in my way."

So Tartar walked along the road, switching her tail back and forth, and holding her head high in the air.

Before long Tartar met a boy coming from school, with his books under his arm. The boy knew the cow must be a runaway cow, to be walking off like that by herself, so he waved his arms in front of her and shouted. Tartar stopped short, looked at him a moment, and then put her head down and ran straight for him, and the boy dropped his books in a hurry and made for the fence as fast as he could go. Tartar gave a triumphant toss of her head and walked on, switching her tail faster than ever, and thinking:

"I rather guess no one will stop me!"

Soon after this she met a woman, carrying a pail of huckleberries. Tartar stopped and gave her head a shake. The woman stopped, too, and they looked at each other for a minute. Then the woman came slowly on, keeping as far from the cow as she could. But Tartar suddenly gave a sort of snort and put her head down, and, with a scream, away went the woman into the bushes, her huckleberries flying in every direction.

Along the road went Tartar, very much pleased with herself. "Everybody is afraid of me," she thought, holding her head higher than ever, "and they had better be. If they don't get out of my way and pretty quickly, too, they'll be sorry."

Just here she came to something she had never seen before. Directly in front of her across the road she saw two long, black things side by side, lying on heavy pieces of wood. At first she thought that they were snakes, but when she came nearer, she found that they did not move. By the side of the road was a tall post with a sign upon it, like this:

LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE!

But Tartar could not read, and even if she had been able to, I doubt if she would have paid the least attention. As it was, she said to herself, "How ugly these black things are—and very much in the way, too. I think I will knock them out of the road."

So she gave one of them a blow with her blunt horns. The blow made her head feel very queer, but it didn't disturb the black things at all, and that made Tartar very, very angry. She looked first one way and then the other, and seeing that the black lines disappeared around some curves, she thought, "I'll get the best of you yet!" and away she marched, directly between the black lines. She had only gone a few steps when she saw something coming around the curve, before

her. It was black, too, and big, and it came towards her very fast.

"Well, now, what's this?" said Tartar. "Here's something else getting in my way. I'll just fix this thing the way I did the boy and the woman!" For Tartar felt crosser than ever since she had given her head such a hard knock. She stopped and watched the big black thing coming nearer; then she lifted her head and called out, "Get out of my way at once, you great clumsy thing, or I'll knock you off the road—do you hear?"

Just then the engineer on the locomotive (for of course you knew it

she said, "what do you mean by acting so? Why don't you get out of my way? I'll teach you a lesson!" and putting down her head, Tartar ran to meet the approaching engine.

That would have been the last of Tartar, if the engineer had not, by this time, brought the train very nearly to a stop. As it was she came *thump!* against the heavy iron grating on the front of the engine, and was lifted off her feet and sent flying into the bushes on one side of the road.

There Tartar lay, too much stunned and surprised at first to move. When she did lift her head, the train was



"COME AND EAT THIS CLOVER, TARTAR!"

must be a locomotive) caught sight of Tartar and heard what sounded to him like a loud "moo!" and at once he pulled a cord and the whistle gave a shrill scream, which meant "Down brakes!"

"No use in your screaming," said Tartar, tossing her head. "I won't have you getting in my way. Get off this road at once, I tell you!"

The train had been going very fast and could not be stopped instantly—it was very close to Tartar now.

"Hoo-Hoo-Hoo!" went the whistle, and "Clang-Clang-Clang!" went the bell, but Tartar only planted her feet more firmly. "You great ugly thing,"

no longer in sight. One of her horns was broken off short, and when she tried to get up she found that she could not stand on one leg. Her head and shoulders ached terribly, and her dainty coat was all scratched and bleeding and covered with dirt.

There never was a sadder cow than Tartar as she lay there, too much broken in spirit to make any further attempt to get up. The sun sank slowly towards the tops of the trees, but still the poor cow lay miserably among the bushes.

Suddenly she heard a voice she knew. It was John, calling "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" That was the way in which

John called the cows. Cross as she had been to John, she was glad enough to hear that friendly voice. She raised her head a little and gave a faint "moo"—not a bit the kind of "moo" one usually heard from Tartar.

John's voice called again, nearer this time, and again Tartar answered. Soon John himself came breaking through the bushes.

"What are you doing way off here, you old bother?" said he, but when he saw how pitiful Tartar looked, his voice grew softer.

"Why Tartar, what's the matter? Are you hurt? That's what you get for breaking down fences, and running away, and making no end of trouble. But, bless me, you are hurt, you poor old thing! There, can't you stand? Lor! I do believe you were knocked off the track by an engine because you wouldn't get out of the way! What a fool of a cow you are!"

If Tartar had been called a fool of a cow before her recent experiences, she would have answered with a dash of her horns, but now she only hid her head in the bushes and gave a sad little "moo." John's heart was a tender one and he forgave all Tartar's cross ways on the spot.

"You poor thing," he said. "You have had a lesson, and perhaps you'll be wiser after this—if we can ever get you home again. Come now, poor Moolie, try and stand up—there now—there now—good Moolie!"

Tartar could not remember having ever been called "good Moolie" before, and she found it very pleasant. With John's help she managed to get upon her feet, and she slowly limped home after him, her poor aching head held very low. Now and then John stroked and patted her and said, "Poor old Moolie, good Moolie," and at last she saw the open barn-door before her.

All the other cows were in their stalls, but they turned to look at Tartar as she came humbly in, and all the soft brown eyes were full of wonder and interest. One of the younger

cows asked, "Well, what *has* happened to you, cross-patch?"

But an old cow said at once, "Hold your foolish tongue, you heifer. Tartar has had enough for today!"

John bound up Tartar's hurt leg and put something very soothing on the cuts and bruises, and the cow kept very still and never once tossed her remaining horn. And though she was sick for nearly two weeks, at last she grew quite well again and went back to the pasture.

But she was a changed cow. She never forgot what happened that day she ran away and would have her own way in everything; and she never forgot, too, how kind John had been to her. At first there were times when she wanted dreadfully to toss that one poor horn and stick it into some saucy young cow; but she never did. She grew more and more gentle, so that not only John but the children made a pet of her again.

She kept her name of Tartar, but it was no longer, "You old Tartar, go along with you?" It was "Dear Tartar, good Tartar! Come and eat this clover, Tartar!" And many a time I have seen her with a wreath of wild flowers or a bunch of bay leaves wound about her head, so that no one could see the poor broken horn.

It Punifies

A student once went for advice to a pious old man, and said to him: "Father, I love to hear about God and spiritual things but all the good I hear seems to go in one ear and out the other. I forget too soon; and this grieves me."

Then the old father said: "My son, take this basket and bring it to me full of water."

The student took the basket and went to a wide brook and worked for a long time, but he could get no water to stay in the basket; as soon as it was full it became empty again.

At last he grew tired, for he saw

that all his labor was in vain; so he went back to the father and told him what had happened, and how the water would not remain in the basket.

Then the father said: "Give me the basket, and let me look at it."

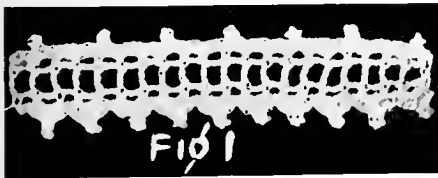
And when he took the basket in his hand, and had examined it, he said: "Now, see, my son, you have not worked in vain; true it is, indeed, that no water has remained in the basket, but it has washed it clean and pure. So with you, and every one who hears and reads God's word with diligence and prayer; he may not retain everything, but still it purifies his mind, and makes him more fit for the world to come."—Exchange.

First Lessons in Crocheting

By S. A. Rintoul

EDGING FIG. 1

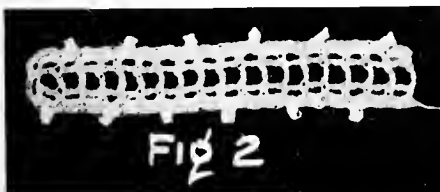
Ch 10, in 4th st from hook 1 t, ch 2, miss 2, 1 t, ch 1, miss 1, 1 t, ch 4, turn. 2nd row: T in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 1, miss 1 st, t in next. Repeat desired



length. Scallops: 3 ht in space, picot, and 3 more ht in same space, st in next space. Repeat across. Straight edge: 3 d to each space. Picot every 3rd space.

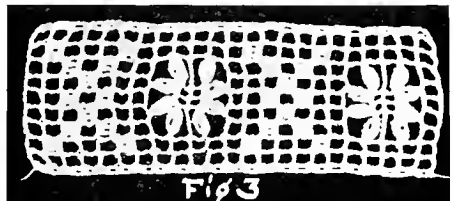
INSERTION FIG. 2

Same as edging, except that both edges are straight.



INSERTION FIG. 3.

Ch 32, in 3rd st from hook 1 t, ch 2, miss 2, 1 t; 7 more times, making 9 spaces, 2 t at end, ch 3, turn. 2nd row: T in t, ch 2, t in t, 2 t in space, t in t, ch 2, 5 spaces, another block, 1 space, 2 t, ch 3, turn. 3rd row: T in t, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 2 spaces, 2 t. 4th row: T in t, 3 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 3 spaces, 2 t. 5th row: Same as 3rd row. 6th row: Same as 2nd row. 7th row: 9 spaces. 8th row: 2 spaces, ch 5, cluster 2 dt in last t, miss 1 space, dt in next and cluster 2 more dt in 1st st of this dt, miss next space, cluster 3 dt in next, ch 6, in 5th st from hook cluster 2 dt, miss 1 space, t in next t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, 2 t, ch 3, turn. 9th row: T in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 5, ht between 1st petals, ch 1, ht between next, ch 1, ht in next, ch 5, t in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, 2 t, ch 3, turn. 10th row: T in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 5, cluster 2 dt in last t, ht in ht, ch 1, ht in ht, ch 1, ht in ht, ch 6, cluster 2 dt in 5th st from hook, t in next t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, 2 t, ch 3, turn. 11th row: T in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 4, cluster 3 dt in 1st



space, ch 3, cluster 3 dt in next space, ch 4, t in t, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, 2 t, ch 3, turn. 12th row: 9 spaces. Repeat from 2 nd row.

A Hard Customer

Clerk—Now, see here, little girl, I can't spend the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it for one cent?

Little Girl—Let me see it.—*Life*.



She Plays With Dolls.

THE GIRL.

I KNOW a Girl, a reg'lar Girl,
With flonney dress and twisty curl,
She plays with dolls, an' hates boys' rows,
She screams at mice, an' runs from cows.
But when a fellow's feeling sick,
Her books and dolls, she leaves them quick!
An' oh, when she's away I've missed her!
She's just a girl—but she's my Sister!

—E. S. T.



He Loves a Noise.

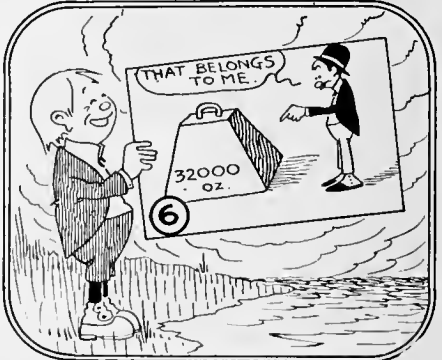
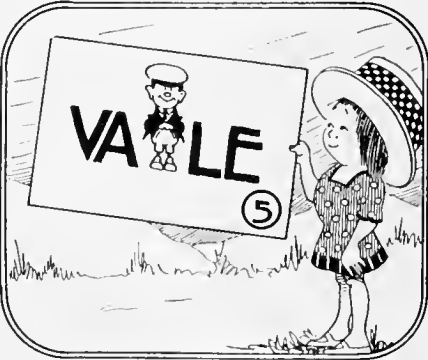
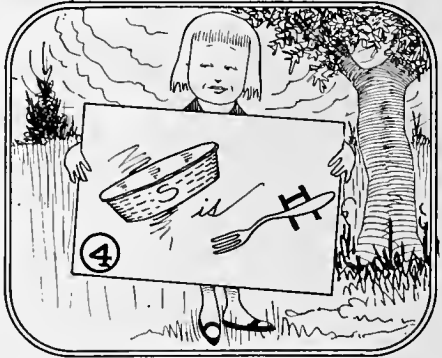
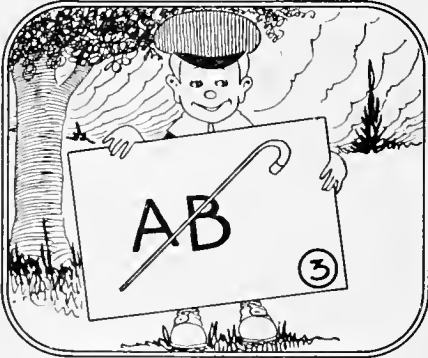
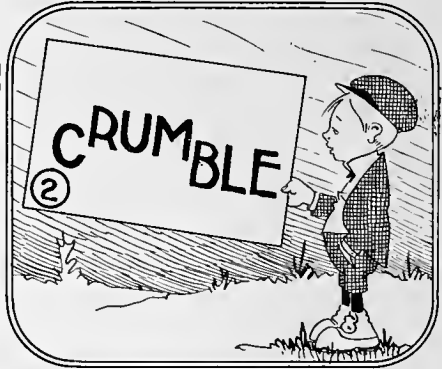
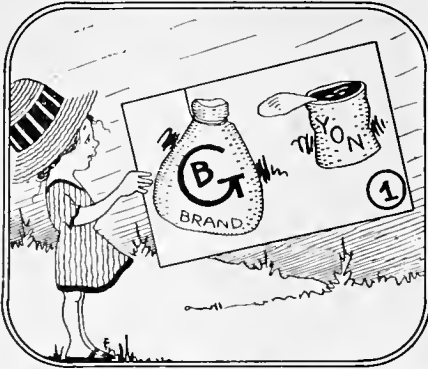
THE BOY.

I KNOW a Boy, a rouncing Boy,
 With dirty hands and noisy toy;
 He plays with toads, an' fights with boys,
 He teases me, an' loves a noise.
 But when I'm scared he's *very* brave,
 He'd chase a *cow* my life to save!
 I wouldn't have him any other
 Than just my very own dear Brother.

—E. S. T.

MORE TOWNS IN UTAH

A PUZZLE BY WALTER WELLMAN



Prizes of books will be given to each of the first ten of all under seventeen years of age who correctly solve the above puzzle, and send us the best article of not to exceed 200 words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines,

on the subject, "Loyalty." Answers and compositions must reach us not later than June 15th. Address, Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Children's Budget Box

An Answer to Prayer

(A True Story)

One Saturday the First and Second Ward Religion Classes went on a picnic, down near the river.

During the afternoon, five of us girls started to the river with some of the larger girls, to wade. When we got part way there, the older girls went on and left us behind.

We took off our shoes and stockings and played in the sand. It was great fun to make houses and dig in the sand with our toes.

After we had played for some time, we dressed our feet, and looked for our foot prints, so that we might find our way back to camp. We could not find any, so didn't know which way to go.

We had been taught in Religion Class that the Lord would hear and answer our prayers, so two of us girls went behind some brush close by and prayed. We prayed that we might find our way back to camp.

In a short time, several of the older

girls came to our rescue, and took us safely back to camp, where everybody was getting ready to go home.

Nora Coplan,

Mesa, Arizona.

Age 9.

The Little Stream

Trickle, trickle, little stream

In the autumn air;

Trickling, rippling, babbling along

Along to none knows where.

Trickle, trickle, little stream,

On your way each day;

Trickle on you lovely stream

With you I like to play.

Summer comes, and winter goes

In this world of ours;

But you, yes, you never stop

On your bed of flowers.

In the summer, in the sunshine

Where the wild winds softly blow,

You are flowing, ever flowing,

Onward on your way so slow.

Ursula Elton,

1209 1 Ave.,

Lethbridge, Canada.

Age 12.



Members of Sunday School at Rawlins, Wyoming.



Beulah Conger, Age, 6 months.
Photo by June Lewis,
Age 12. Overton, Nevada.

Jack Robin

Jack Robin is a pretty bird,
Yes he is!
He is the sweetest chirper heard
Yes he is!
He comes to our kitchen door,
To get some crumbs and calls for
more,
While mama's sweeping off the floor,
Yes he does, yes he does!

Did God make all the little birds?
Yes He did!
And make them sing, as we sing
words?
Yes He did!
And build their nests with wood and
straw
Just like the house of great grandpa,
The warmest house I ever saw,
Yes He did, yes He did!

Pearl Naylor,
Age 11. Sunnyside, Utah.

Springtime

The clouds are slowly creeping
Across the clear blue sky,
The snow has almost melted
The winter has gone by.

The grass is slowly peeping,
From out its cozy bed,
And birds are singing sweetly,
In the trees above our head.

The robin and the bluebird,
Have come to sing their lay.
And with them comes the sparrows
And the chattering blue jay.

Bernice Baldwin,
Age 9. Beaver, Utah.



Ralph Emerson, Age, 2 years.
Photo by June Lewis,
Age 12. Overton, Nevada.

The Lesson

"Oh, mama I love you," said Mary.
"You can't guess how much I do."
"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Pet-
tersson, looking at Mary.

"Why of course; what makes you ask that?" questioned Mary, looking surprised.

Mrs. Petterson did not answer. She was thinking of what Mary had said. In a few minutes Mrs. Petterson said.

"Mary, will you sweep the floor, please?"

"Oh, mama, I don't want to right now; wait a minute."

Mary's mother waited a while and then said,

"Mary you haven't swept the floor."

"I will in just a second."

After a while Mary's friend, Ruth, came over, and wanted to know if Mary could come over and play. Mary ran to ask her mother if she could go. Her mother was sewing and said,

"Wait for a minute."

Mary did not like this answer, but waited for a while. Then she thought of the floor, she had not swept, so she ran to do it. When it was finished she ran to ask her mother and said:

"Ruth is in a hurry and wants to know quick. Her mother said,

"In a second."

Mary ran to see Ruth but she had gone home for she had thought Mary was angry.

Mary ran to her mother and said, "Oh, mama, I did want to go over to Ruth's, but I have learned a lesson and I will never forget it."

Rose Yancey,

Age 10.

Weiser, Idaho.

How to Make a Bench

To make a nice piano bench
Use saw, hammer, nails, plane, and
wrench,

Unpolished fumed oak, mission style
Beats the glazed finish a mile.

The legs should be sixteen inches high,
You can get them even, if you try.

The seat, one foot wide and three feet
long,

Just right for the one who plays the
song.

And now that I have the width and
length,

I can assure you it has some strength
For I hammered the nails in oh! so
tight,

So it wouldn't rock from left to right.

To make it handy and more complete
I put a box right under the seat
In which to keep your music and songs
And other things which in it belongs.

And now I tell you I've made it well,
It's on the market place to sell
But your piano I cannot make
The Consolidated Music your order
will take.

Wallace Johnson,

Age 9.

Sunnyside, Utah.

The Robins

Two little robins
Went flying one day
Down to the meadow
And lit in the hay.

"This is the place
We will build our nest,"
Said mother and and father
Robin redbreast.

Rita Peterson,

Age 11.

Cornish, Utah.

Signs of Spring

Spring is here,
Spring is here,
She brings with her many a cheer,
She wakes up the grass and flowers
And brings with her the soft Spring
showers.

Spring is here,
Spring is here,
She brings with her the birdies dear,
She brings the little shady nooks
And wakes the little flowing brooks.

Alice Steed,





Age 12.




Cardston, Alta, Canada.



The Little Noah's Ark




(VI)



TUESDAY forenoon, Dick and Dilly played farm with tame animals,  and  and  and .




In the afternoon they hunted wild animals,  and  and .



Each had a little  of whalebone, with wood  for


. Dilly had just hit a , and Dick was aiming at the buck , when Grandma B. came in.

"I'm going over to the ,

 said she, "to help trim the . Be good while I'm gone." "We will,"

cried  and , as  B. went out. Then


Dick raised his  to shoot the buck  --- but the

buck deer was gone! They hunted all through the sitting-room , but got no sight of him. When Grandma



B. came back, they told her, and she

sat down in the  and laughed.


"What you laughing at?" asked Dick.




"At the way the buck  followed me off, and then got lost." "You're jok-

ing," cried Dilly. "No; I was in the ,

two  opposite began to giggle, and point  at me! 'What's the matter?' asked I. But they giggled






so they could n't speak---they just pointed  at me!

 and  began to giggle, too. "And then I looked, and there hung the buck deer, his  tangled in








the  of my !" "Where is he now?" cried Dick. "I'm sorry," said



Grandma B., "but I'm afraid he's lost. I missed him in the  I think I must have pulled him out of my pocket

with my , and lost him in the  on the floor.


I told everybody, and somebody may find him." Just


then the  left a  from Papa, and they forgot about the buck . This was the . "Dear

Dick-boy: I never could have guessed, so I'm glad you told me. I'll see what can be done about the 

and the . You can't buy single  ani-

mals, and I don't think there will be any need. I think the miss-

ing  can be found. I think they are somewhere over in

Grandpa A.'s attic. They were hidden there when I was a .

Mama and I are coming out for Christmas, and we'll all go over to

hunt for the  and the .



A.'s and Papa."



Fat Job

"Doctor Tanner made his fame by fast-ing."

"That's about the only profession a man could make a living at these days"

What the Music Did

Following the musical program Mrs. J. T. Brown read an article on "Personal Devils." Seventeen were present.—"The Boone (Iowa) News-Republication."

Dear Me

"Horrors! While mother was sleeping the baby licked the paint—"

"Off a toy?"

"No, off mother."—Kansas City Journal.

Overtaken

"And when you eloped with the girl," asked a friend, "did her father follow you?"

"Did he?" said the young man. "Rath-er! He's living with us yet!"—London Opinion.

His Color

Young lady (with hopes): "What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?"

Floorwalker: "Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one."

Being "Good"

Mary Pickford the "movie" actress, says:

"It is easy for a pretty girl to be good if she is rich, but a pretty girl who is poor has a lot of temptations. The pretty girl who is poor is a little bit in the position of the boy in the grocery shop."

"A grocer leaned over the counter and yelled at a boy who stood close to an apple barrel:

"Are you tryin' to steal them apples, boy?"

"No—no, sir," the boy faltered. "I'm tryin' not to!"

Turn About

He was about to propose, but before doing so he wished to make sure she was a competent girl. So he asked her:

"Can you wash dishes?"

"Yes," she said sweetly. "Can you wipe them?"

He didn't propose.—Record.

A Cruel Farewell

He: "Then you are not interested in my welfare?"

She: "No, but if the two syllables were transposed I'd not only be interested, but enthusiastic."—Boston Transcript.

Harmony and Hominy

In a Southern mission Sunday School, where the little darkies were allowed to choose their own hymns, the favorite hymn, we read in *Musical America*, had a chorus ending with the lines:

*And we'll all swell the harmony
In Heaven, our home.*

They sang it so often and with so much gusto that the teacher's interest was aroused and she decided to listen instead of helping them. Then she understood their partiality—with rapt faces they were voicing their belief:

*And we'll all smell the hominy
In Heaven, our home.*

Had It On Her

An anaemic elderly woman, who looked as if she might have as much maternal affection as an incubator, sized up a broad-shouldered cockney who was idly looking into a window on the Strand, and in a rasping voice said to him:

"My good man, why aren't you in the trenches? Aren't you willing to do anything for your country?"

Turning around slowly, he looked at her a second and replied contemptuously: "Move on, you slacker! Where's your war baby?"

The Deseret News

THE HOME OF GOOD PRINTING



June Brides

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He knows the CONKLIN is the *original* self-filler and its "Crescent-Filler" is by far the simplest of all. A thumb-pressure fills the Conklin *full* in 4 seconds.

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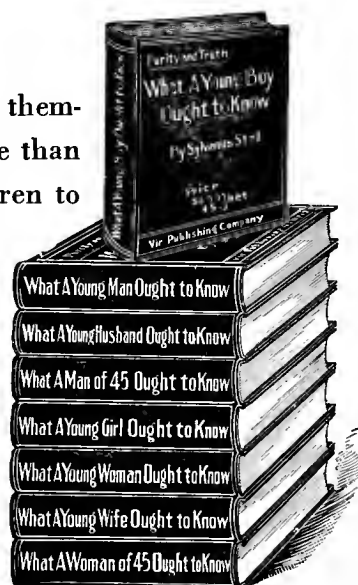
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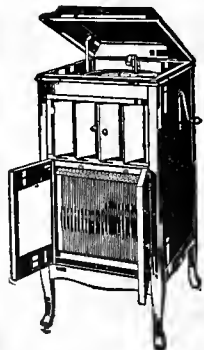
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